



# THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## SHELLEY'S LIFE, POETRY, CORRESPONDENCE, AND MISCELLANIES.\*

WE have now before us, for the first time, the whole of Shelley's earthly labours. His editrix informs us that she is "far from satisfied with the tone in which the criticisms on Shelley are written. Some of these writers praise the poetry with enthusiasm, and even discrimination; but none understand the man." As we number ourself among the impertinent tribe who have presumed to criticise the poet, in anticipation of the knowledge which the volumes before us now impart, our candour will be appreciated when we concede to the justice of the dissatisfaction expressed by Mrs. Shelley. We have therefore determined to pass in review what we have already written on this subject, and include in the present paper such of our old thoughts as we are willing to retain, together with such new ones as we are desirous of adding.

We have said that the poetry of Hemans is instinct with the Spirit of Beauty—in like manner, be it permitted us now to declare, that the poetry of Shelley is interpenetrated with the Inspiration of Love! It was the aim of Shelley, as a man and as a poet, to study in the School of Love. To this end, he translated (how exquisitely!) the Banquet of Plato, and composed also an original essay, in which he attempted his own definition of that divinest passion. Neither Plato nor Shelley, however, in *these productions*, treat of Love as a Being—they seem contented with viewing it as an attribute—as the desire of a being. Even as such desire, however, Plato reached no very transcendental level; the highest perception he attains is no more than this: "Love is the desire of the mortal for the immortal in the mortal." We would substitute a loftier truth; "Love is the desire of the immortal for the eternal in the immortal;" or, in other words, "for the one unending substance in the one unchanging form." The steps, however, by which Plato arrived at his solution, will serve us in preparing the reader for the

\* The Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. 1839.

Essays, Letters from Abroad, Translations, and Fragments, by Percy Bysshe Shelley, edited by Mrs. Shelley. In 2 vols. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. 1840.

further degrees by which we would conduct him to the noblest results. Let us, therefore, straight unsandel with reverence our feet, that we may enter with naked soles within the hallowed circle of this holiest argument.

The immortality recognised in this dialogue by Plato, concerns the immortality of the species, not of the individual. "Love," says he, "is not the desire of the Beautiful, but of generation and production in the Beautiful—accompanied with the constant wish that the good or happiness which is sought in its gratification, should be for ever present." Alas! the while, that it can never be present; but, in order to the subsistence of the desire, must be for ever wanting! Yet, joy the while! that the generation so desired is a something eternal and immortal in all that ends and dies!—death itself being, like birth, a phase of generation; and corruption but another name for the productive process. Thus, according to Plato, the Love of Generation is the Love of Immortality; it may, perhaps, be assumed as a corollary, that the lover, to be capable of such love, must be immortal too. This, however, Plato reserved for discussion elsewhere; leaving it, nevertheless, in this dialogue not without suggestion.

The form of the argument adopted by Plato is eminently Socratic: that is to say, it starts from the basis of the practical. Love, says he, is surely the love of *something*! And if of something, then of something good—else it were not desirable. And if we desire it, it is clear that we possess it not but want it. If we thus want it, it is absent and not present. And this something good, which we want and possess not in all we desire, is Happiness; and this Happiness is attainable only by Generation in the Beautiful—a Happiness, for the perpetual presence of which we uniformly wish. Nay, even the inferior animals are similarly affected. In all, the mortal nature seeks so far as it is able to become deathless and eternal. But the inferior animals are limited to the production of mere carnal offspring; whereas man is capable of a spiritual progeny; and we are recommended by Plato to attest our superiority by affecting the production of poems, laws, works of art, and other such children of the soul, rather than the generation of bodily issue.

"He who loves rightly," proceeds the sage, "ought from his earliest youth to seek an intercourse with beautiful forms; and first to make a *single form* the object of his love, and therein to generate intellectual excellencies. He ought then to consider that Beauty, in whatever form it resides, is the Brother of that Beauty which subsists in another form; and if he ought to pursue that which is beautiful in form, it would be absurd to imagine that Beauty is not one and the same thing in all forms, and he would therefore remit much of his ardent preference towards one, through the perception of the multitude of claims upon his love. In addition, he would consider the Beauty which is in Souls more excellent than that which is in form."

From this point all is in the ascending series with Plato. By contemplating beautiful objects gradually and in their order, we arrive, he tells us, at the perception of Absolute Beauty, "which is eternally uniform and consistent, and monoeidic with itself. All other things," he adds, "are beautiful through a participation of it, with this condition, that although they are subject to production and decay, it never becomes more or less, or endures any change. When any one, ascending from



a correct system of Love, begins to contemplate this Supreme Beauty, he already touches the consummation of his labour. For such as discipline themselves upon this system, or are conducted by another beginning to ascend through these transitory objects which are beautiful, towards that which is Beauty itself, proceeding as on steps from the love of one form to that of two, and from that of two, to that of all forms which are beautiful; and from beautiful forms to beautiful habits and institutions; and from institutions to beautiful doctrines; until, from the meditation of many doctrines, they arrive at that which is nothing else than the doctrine of the Supreme Beauty itself, in the knowledge and contemplation of which at length they repose."

Probably the polygamy of the East was an abuse of this sublime theory; resting in the sensible parts of it, in relation to the love of more beautiful forms than one, and assuming Woman as the general exponent. This, however, was, after all, but the love of *one specific form*—a love which should have extended beyond the mere sexual distinction; and after including whatever was loveable in the other forms of nature, should have risen into an appreciation of those of the intellect and reason, nor rested until it had embraced with affectionate ardour the unrestrained activities of a liberated will, and the approving laws of an unpolled conscience.

Like Moses, Plato assumes a prothetic and presexual humanity, and describes its distinction into sexes as an after-act. The union of the sexes is, according to both, a reunion; but this is not the whole of the subject, nor the loftiest aspect of it. No! for as the latter sage rightly observes, "It is asserted by some, that they love, who are seeking the lost half of their divided being. But I assert, that Love is neither the love of half nor of the whole, unless it meets with that which is good." Religion and philosophy combine in esteeming the marriage relation as the type of the holiest mysteries. How far St. Paul was carried with this conception we know right well; and we feel with equal assurance that we must be touched with the same divine rapture, if we would lawfully discourse of this divine theme, and in a manner befitting its essential sublimity.

Among the Hebrews, while their poets sang of the beauty of holiness, their sages spake of the wisdom of the Holy One. How sublimely is Wisdom celebrated by the writer of the Proverbs, by the Son of Sirach, and in the Wisdom of Solomon. In all these it is remarkable that the divine Sophia or Wisdom, though mentioned as female, is identified with the filial Logos or Word, as the self-intelligible affirmation of the divine intelligence, which is in the beginning with God, and which God is ever becoming. To this prothetic truth sex, in fact, was indifferent. It might be described as of either sex or of neither. Here the Messiah and his church are identified under one term, and God and man contemplated as one being. In the Song of Solomon, on the other hand, the distinction of persons is assumed, and the desire of the lover for the beloved set forth in the most glowing and passionate erotics, to which those of Anacreon are tame, vapid, and cold. Taking the loves of Solomon in connexion with his Song of Songs, may we not say that the first symbolised his affection for the various forms of beauty, and which served as his initiation into the loftier love of the absolute beauty itself to

which he at last attained, and that the second celebrated his attainment in the delightfulest of poems? Nay, is not even yet the polygamy of the East a symbol of the one, and the Christian law of marriage, in some sort, a realisation or an emblem of the other.

In this magnificent theory, we first contemplate Love as a being—"God is Love." Love with Plato is the universal want—Love with St. John is the eternal fruition—the one only Deity, who is the infinite plenitude. Love with Plato is the child of plenty and poverty; neither poor nor rich—Love with St. John is the father of both, having all riches in himself, and of his infinite bounty not only giving unto all but producing all. "Love," says Socrates, "is neither beautiful nor ugly—neither mortal nor immortal—but an intermediate desire of the one for the other." "Love," say the apostles, "is the parent of beauty and the father of undying spirits: and as for the ugly and the mortal, what are they but the negatively lovely, and the negatively living? Nay, if any thing on earth shall be called positively ugly and mortal, what shall be called lovely and living? For on earth what have we but imperfect appearances and deficient emblems of the amiable and undying?—the most beautiful and enduring form that can come within the ken of human experience; is it anything but negatively lovely and negatively living? Nothing is truly beautiful but the absolute beauty—nothing truly living but the absolute life!"

But what is the absolute Beauty? Is it not the absolutely lovelike? it is the image and likeness of love. But if God and love be synonymous terms, then the lovelike is the godlike, and the beautiful are the pious. Not, however, by the term Beauty, but by the term Wisdom, the Hebrews express the prothetic identity of the lovelike with the love, as the self-intelligible included in the self-intelligent. Wisdom is the beauty of the soul. "The only wise God who liveth for ever and ever," is an intelligent love, the object of whose liking is his own intelligible wisdom, "the brightness of his glory and the express image of his person."

Wisdom, as the lovelike image of love, is thus Man in the Divine idea—the unfallen humanity—and, as constituting the prothetic Adam, is inclusive of both sexes, prior to the division of man into male and female. But the ideas of God are creative—the object of love is a subject also, and as such self-intelligent. Accordingly it is contemplative of its own image; and it is this which, to distinguish it from the wisdom already projected, we term beauty. Beauty then is the image and likeness of wisdom. It is the wise in form, as the other is the lovely of soul.

But we have now two subjects—God and man are now twain, both self-intelligent, both self-intelligible. Wisdom and Beauty yet, however, remain undivided in the prothetic Adam—the lovelike in soul and the lovelike in form. But, as in the divine instance, so in this—the ideas of man are also creative, and Beauty is also a subject-object, and as such a distinct intelligence. Here arise the two persons and the two sexes, as two universal principles, animating all generated intelligences, the synthetic interplay between which forms the subject of Plato's investigation.

Let it not be supposed that, in speaking of these generations, we have been describing any process in time. No! no more than Plato or

Moses describe a time-estate by the parables and narratives in which they respectively illustrate doctrines so sublime. There never yet was a Paradise on earth or in time—all such descriptions, whether scriptural or traditional, are ideal not historical—yet more real than the historical, for they are facts of the soul, equally true of the historian as of his heroes. The generation of ideas occurs in eternity—a position not very difficult to those who think that Plato has demonstrated that the love of generation is the love of immortality—less difficult still to such as accept the saying that it is the fruition of eternity, though having as yet but our bare assertion for it, or their own intuitions in proof of it, which, indeed, no man can be without.

"A Hymn to Intellectual Beauty," is one of Shelley's finest lyrics. Is this an address to the Hebraic Wisdom, as the beauty of soul rather than of form? Oh no! it is the aspiration, not of an unfallen, but a fallen spirit. It is the recognition, by the doubter of that concerning which he had doubted. And how came to him the revelation, the want of which was misery to the poetic mind?

Musing deeply on the lot  
Of life, at that sweet time when winds are wooing  
All vital things that wake to bring  
News of birds and blossoming,  
Sudden, thy shadow fell on me;  
I shrieked, and clasped my hands in ecstasy!

I vowed that I would dedicate my powers  
To thee and thine. Have I not kept the vow  
With beating heart and streaming eyes? Even now  
I call the phantoms of a thousand hours  
Each from his voiceless grave: they have in visioned bowers  
Of studious zeal, or love's delight,  
Outwatched with me the envious night:  
They know that never joy illumed my brow,  
Unlinked with hope, that thou wouldst free  
This world from its dark slavery,  
That thou, O awful LOVELINESS,  
Would'st give whate'er these words cannot express.

The day becomes more solemn and serene  
When noon is past; there is a harmony  
In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,  
Which through the summer is not heard nor seen,  
As if it could not be, as if it had not been!  
Thus let thy power, which like the truth  
Of nature on my passive youth  
Descended, to my onward life supply  
Its calm, to one who worships thee,  
And every form containing thee,  
Whom, SPIRIT fair, thy spells did bind  
To fear himself, and love all human kind.

It was, therefore, by the perception of beauty in Forms that Shelley had to work up his way to the abstract Beauty itself. It was not as a Spiritualist that he commenced, but as a materialist. We are told by Medwin that Shelley was attached, in youth, to chemical analysis, and was delighted with "the discovery that there were no elements of fire, air, and water," though ultimately induced to relinquish the study in conse-



quence of being nearly blown up in one of his experiments. Now, modern chemistry has no *à priori* principles; it is the slave of observation, it is altogether physical. This is confessed, in his *Bridgewater Treatise*, by Dr. Prout; who, indeed, confines what we denominate the chemical properties of bodies, to taste and smell, excluding sight and hearing. "Hence," says he, "they admit only of the indirect application of the laws of quantity, and are the result, not of reason, but solely of experience. Indeed, so much is chemistry the creature of actual experimental research, that the simplest truths have seldom been anticipated *à priori*. Thousands of years of observation and experience, for example, had not taught mankind that water is composed of two elementary gaseous principles, much less the proportions in which those principles combine to form water. Nay, even now the fact has been established upon the clearest evidence, we are unable to explain why it is so, or even to comprehend the nature of the union or its result." Circumstances like these should be considered when we pronounce sentence upon an individual mind. We should know that the first approaches of science revolutionise the intellect,—that to procure an answer a question must be asked, and that to ask a question a doubt must be felt. Shelley, however, erred in transferring merely intellectual scepticism to his moral being, which admits of none. Therein faith reigns with life, and both eternally.

Shelley's own evidence is decisive, both as to his original materialism and his ultimate redemption. "The shocking absurdities," he writes in his *ESSAY ON LIFE*, "of the popular philosophy of mind and matter, its fatal consequences in morals, and their violent dogmatism concerning the source of all things, had early conducted me to materialism. This materialism is a seducing system to young and superficial minds. It allows its disciples to talk, and dispenses them from thinking. But I was discontented with such a view of things as it afforded; man is a being of high aspirations, 'looking both before and after,' 'whose thoughts wander through eternity,' disclaiming alliance with transience and decay; incapable of imagining to himself annihilation; existing but in the future and the past; being, not what he is, but what he has been and shall be. Whatever may be his true and final destination, there is a spirit within him at enmity with nothingness and dissolution. This is the character of all life and being. Each is at once the centre and the circumference; the point to which all things are referred, and the line in which all things are contained. Such contemplations as these, materialism and the popular philosophy of mind and matter alike forbid; they are only consistent with the intellectual system."

Such is a noble recantation of the errors of youth. Shelley became a Berkeleyan. His mind took a decided tendency to metaphysical speculations. His editrix, indeed, opines that "had not Shelley deserted metaphysics for poetry in his youth, and had he not been lost to us early, so that all his vaster projects were wrecked with him in the waves, he would have presented the world with a complete theory of mind; a theory to which Berkeley, Coleridge, and Kant would have contributed; but more simple, unimpugnable, and entire, than the systems of these writers." We are afraid that the widow scarcely knows what she has promised for her deceased husband. Clear enough to us it is, that

Shelley had not mastered the two latter minds; and we doubt much, notwithstanding our high estimation of his genius, whether it was in him to realise the wealth that they have left. In fact, we feel assured that it was not.

We rather accept the acknowledgement of any debt that he might owe to these writers, in proof of the statement that with Shelley a cycle of modern thought and poetry completed itself. With his works, the closing of such cycle, as clearly as the nature of the subject admits, is announced. Henceforth, it is generally confessed, the world awaits the genesis of a new spirit, the evolution of a new era. Symbolising as the works of Shelley did with those of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Byron, Goethe, Schiller, Kant, with the poetry of the time, and with the great events which distinguished it; the failure of Shelley's verses, on their first publication, to gain popularity, must be attributed to the fact of their repeating associations, already exhibited in almost every shape of prose and rhyme, and of their expressing the abstract and spirit of an influence previously incarnated in grosser modes of utterance. Something also must be allowed to the suspicions which attached themselves to the author's reputation in the minds of Christian men; for,—notwithstanding his conversion to the immaterialism of Berkeley, Shelley still continued to *profess* himself an Atheist, and his writings are replete with opinions *apparently* atheistical, in union with sentiments of so refined a cast, as to perplex the ordinary reader with a distressing sense of paradox and heterogeneity. In a word, Shelley asserts the reality of spirit, yet seems to deny the existence of God. Materialism and Atheism are easily reconcileable; but in the junction of the latter with Spiritualism, the mind is startled, and recoils from the monstrous association;—not, indeed, with the horror with which it revolts against blasphemy, but with the strange awe that baffles the understanding in the sublimely extravagant; which, notwithstanding its seeming inconsistency, so fascinates the imagination, that we are not content to condemn it as the ridiculous,—but rather to esteem it, if we may use the obscure and yet significant words of Galt, as “a mystery in a winding-sheet, crowned with a halo.”

Shelley was little more than sixteen when he printed, at Oxford, his pamphlet on the *Necessity of Atheism*; for which he was expelled the University. The work was merely a recapitulation of Voltaire's arguments, and is only worth mentioning to shew how far Shelley's mind was, at the period, an extract from the spirit that was abroad, and under whose influence he was born. It was at the age of eighteen that he composed *Queen Mab*, which he privately circulated, but never published. On this poem, Mrs. Shelley remarks, that “the love and knowledge of nature developed by Wordsworth—the lofty melody and mysterious beauty of Coleridge's poetry—and the wild fantastic machinery and gorgeous scenery adopted by Southey,” composed her husband's favourite reading. “The rhythm,” she adds, “of *Queen Mab* was founded on that of *Thalaba*, and the first few lines bear a striking resemblance in spirit, though not in idea, to the opening of that poem. His fertile imagination and ear, tuned to the finest sense of harmony, preserved him from imitation. Another of his favourite books, was the poem of *Gebir*, by Walter Savage Landor.” These facts all come in proof of our po-

sition, that Shelley's writings close a certain cycle. To which may be added, that the more essential attributes of the poem are grounded on the *Système de la Nature*, the *Age of Reason*, and the *Political Justice*. In all this, therefore, Shelley was rather the expresser of other men's thoughts and opinions, than of his own.

It is, therefore, with us a subject of much interest, to be enabled by means of the volumes before us, to contrast Shelley's thoughts and opinions, when he had acquired the power of thinking for himself, with those which he hastily took up on the authority of others. We find that a remark of Charles Lloyd, left in pencil on the margin of some book, deeply impressed him: "Mind cannot create, it can only perceive." Hereupon Shelley argues, that it is sufficiently evident that mind cannot be, as the popular philosophy alleges, the basis of all things. We are surprised that Shelley should thus be perplexed with a word. If mind is not the proper term for the creative power, what is? Let us be willing to confine the word, Mind, to the percipient—the only inconvenience that need arise is the necessity for finding another word for the creative. For this, Shelley, after he became a Berkeleyan, would scarcely have substituted matter. Spiritualist as he most distinctly was, he might have preferred the term Spirit. Let then the word Spirit stand for the creative power; mind for the percipient power; and matter for the object created and perceived. We see in this but an improved terminology; but no solution. But what was it that Shelley wanted solved? We have read his *Essay on Life* in vain for an answer. His favourite dogma that "Nothing exists but as it is perceived," would go far to identify the percipient and creative power. And why should he object to the identification, if, as he says, "the view of life presented by the most refined deductions of the intellectual philosophy, is that of unity?" Shelley, in fact, had not decided what life was. He had triumphantly evaded the question, by exclaiming "Ask him who lives, what is life!" Then again he demands, "What is the cause of life? that is, how was it produced; or, what agencies distinct from life have acted, or act upon life?" Mind, he argues, cannot be such cause; because "Cause is only a word expressing a certain state of the human mind, with regard to the manner in which two thoughts are apprehended to be related to each other." We need no other evidence than this to shew us, that Shelley was not in a condition to fulfil what Kant and Coleridge had left unfinished. In his *Essay on a Future State*, however, he has well enough indicated the necessary connection that exists between the doctrine of an ante-natal state with that of our post-mortal existence.

[To be continued,]

## RELIGION, LOYALTY, AND COALITION.

IN commencing a new year, we are desirous of corroborating and illustrating three most important principles, which the MONTHLY MAGAZINE has warmly advocated. In pleading for these principles, at first it stood almost alone; it now finds itself nobly supported by many contemporary Journals: and well it is for our country that this is the case, for religion,



loyalty, and coalition form the main hinges on which the destinies of our empire must turn.

Strange as it may seem, the loftiest and simplest principles are just those most forgotten amid the complexities of civil politics. *Fear God, Honour the monarch*, says the Bible, setting forth religion and loyalty as the two indispensable prerequisites of national prosperity. The truth of this maxim has been confirmed by the experience of all history, and yet how many statesmen appear to see it without perceiving. "Heu! pietas heu! prisca fides"—they do not yet understand that piety alone exalteth a people—they do not acknowledge that *cultus Dei*, without which, as Cicero proves, no empire ever flourished. Alas! how little is this element of divinity recognised.

The very name of God  
Sounds like a juggler's charm; while, bold with joy,  
Forth from his dark and lonely hiding place—  
Portentous sight—the owlet Atheism,  
Sailing on wings obscure across the moon,  
Drops his blue-fringed lids and holds them close,  
And, hooting at the glorious sun in heaven,  
Cries out, "Where is he?"

The principle of loyalty, also, the very soul of a monarchy, like the British constitution, is miserably eclipsed. We hold loyalty to be one of the noblest elements of all genuine religion. Time was when the Church maintained it to be such—when all our pulpits were resonant with exhortations to revere the monarch as the divine representative and the common parent of community; then could our clergy demonstrate that the principle of loyalty was the strong bond of fellowship, which should attach all sects and parties to the throne in due harmony and subordination. They eulogised it as the vital centre of union, round which the several orbs of political influence might revolve in their musical ratio, and without which all things would rush into chaotic strife.

This principle of loyalty towards the monarch, if it be worth any thing, ought to be strongest where that monarch is a young woman surrounded by dangers and difficulties. If we may derive any lesson from the spirit of chivalry, it is this: not to despise the weak, but to defend them. The principle of loyalty ought to be doubly energetic when the monarch evinces a generous desire to patronise all sects and parties without favouritism or exclusiveness. But unhappily the light of loyalty has been overlaid by the cloud of monopoly, and monopolists are beginning to speak and act in the most seditious and rebellious fashion, just because their corrupt craft is endangered. So much for public spirit when opposed to private interest. It cost them nothing to be loyal when the prince favoured their monopoly; now they are unwilling to pay the price. The triumph of virtue, if they had any, would be manifest by an opposite conduct. If we love them that love us, what is our reward? No true loyalty will be adulterated by accidents of favour or disgrace; it will preserve its own propriety through good report and evil, it will teach us to love even our enemies, and to bless them that curse us.

We wish not in these remarks to appear invidious or personal, but we urgently insist on the importance of loyalty during the present crisis,

as the chief security we possess against national revolution. We are sure that if all sects and parties rally round the throne with reverence and love, as their proper centre of union, the forces of the empire will yet be harmonised and corroborated. We are equally sure that if the centripetal attraction of loyalty is allowed to evaporate, schism and faction will exacerbate, exulcerate and demolish all things. For want of loyalty there is a precipitous and deadly tendency in our people to abolish the very foundation of our imperial state, and to rush blindfold into republicanism and universal disorder.

In proportion as the spirit of loyalty regains its ascendancy, will the spirit of union and coalition likewise triumph over division and faction. We feel more and more satisfied as to the essential verity and irresistible necessity of that syncretism and coalition which in this Magazine has been recommended. The grand truth we have confirmed by so many authorities, is now confessed by all thinking men—that the principle of coalition must supersede the principle of division, in order to save the empire. Our worthiest men must coalesce; if a ministry is to be formed of any strength and durability, it must be of the representative character; sect and party administrations have already had too long a reign, and have brought our noble monarchy to the very brink of revolution.

Men are bound to cultivate loyalty towards their monarch as long as he is their monarch, in other words, while he fulfils the conditions of the monarchical institution—this is a fixed rule. And here it may be necessary to explain a particular sophistry connected with this point, which has been of late years supported by men who ought to have known better. We allude to this statement:—"That we are not obliged to be loyal towards the monarch, but only towards the monarchy; so that if a king displeases us we may reduce our loyalty to him as much as we please, provided we are still loyal to the kingdom." Now this statement, by whatever names it may be sanctioned, we hold in downright abhorrence. We have not yet learnt so to construe the text "Fear God, honour the king." To our minds loyalty is loyalty—an indivisible moral essence—a reverence for the power appointed by God to reign over us. This power is the king—it is the king which makes the kingdom, which is his territory and estate. This talk of being loyal to the kingdom and not to the king, forcibly reminds us of a certain pharisaical distinction, thus censured by the Saviour of the world, "Woe unto you ye blind guides, who say, 'Whosoever shall swear by the temple it is nothing, but whosoever shall swear by the gold of the temple he is a debtor.' Ye fools and blind, which is greater, the gold, or the temple which sanctifieth the gold?" Equally vain is the distinction of those who now strive to divide our loyalty between the monarch and the monarchy. A fig for loyalty like this—a loyalty frittered away by jesuitical casuistics, and adulterated by factious passions. A loyalty which, by signifying too much, signifies nothing at all—a loyalty which may mean sedition and rebellion. We have spoken strongly, because we perceive the elements of rebellion at work in more than one quarter, and the sin of rebellion is like the sin of witchcraft, secret, swift, and all-prevailing.

But we must come to the third term of our motto. We mean *Coalition*, a word which, to the intelligence of initiated philosophers, in itself contains the *great secret* of our search—a word which, being com-

posed of *con* and *alesco*, declares that the law of union is the law of increase. We again assert that the principle of union is a divine principle, and, therefore, absolutely essential and indispensable in the art of government.

Let it be fully and definitively understood, that *the divine* is the true *prothesis* of all ideas and expressions, the *prothetic unity* which pre-exists and precedes all varieties of being. In proportion as minds approach God, they become *one*, because they are united in him who is the one and all. Such a *prothetic unity*, therefore—that is a unity absolute, without the shadow of difference—is what all spirits should aspire towards; because the consummation of their being is that all should be one with God, who is all in all. But since this absolute prothetic unity, which is the highest and best, cannot always be attained in this world, good men have in all ages striven to promote that proximate or next good, which is defined by synthesis, syncretism, and coalition. *Syncretic or coalitionary union consists in the union of the true parts of mixed things, in spite of the false parts which seek to divide them.* The true parts of things are always homogeneous and harmonic; the false parts are heterogeneous and discordant. The philosophy of syncretism and coalition—a philosophy so important that on it the prosperity of all nations depends, consists in this grand axiom. For instance, if you can make ten men absolutely agree on all points of truth, you establish a prothetic unity. But since this desideratum can scarcely ever be attained, because *quot homines tot sententiæ*, you do the next best thing—that is, you establish a syncretic and coalitionary union. In other words, you shew your ten men how to agree on the major points in which agreement is most general; and having established your coalition on these major points, you leave your coalitionists free to differ on the minor ones. The maxim of syncretism is simply this, *agree on the major points, and agree to differ on the minor ones.* This coalitionary rule is the practical canon which keeps the families of men in peace and good fellowship; wherever it is forgotten, strife and war ensue.

To illustrate this: how harmoniously might the Church have evolved her glorious developements if her children had coalesced in those major doctrines of faith in God and His Holy Scriptures on which the vast majority agree. But, alas! they were not content to let the Bible remain as the all-inclusive bond, and all-supporting base of the ecclesiastical fabric. No, forsooth, they preferred to let the saving doctrines of faith, that should have harmonised them into one exulting fraternity, pass disregarded; while they fixed a keen and anxious scrutiny on all the minor points that God had left free to free inquiry. Then began they to define what Heaven had never defined; they began to make formal symbols of creed and article, defective because human, and to bind them on the consciences of men under penalties of damnation. Here lay their capital error—they violated that principle of coalition by which alone they could have prospered. They forgot the universal law that action and reaction are equal; and thus every attempt they made to force their limitary dogmas on the hearts of men, ended in estranging and disgusting those they would have proselytised.

Such is the science of syncretism and coalition: a science of the most intense and vital importance to society. We have stated it fearlessly and



frankly to the world, and we call on all who cherish philanthropy or patriotism to support the cause. England will never perish except by her parliament; and perish she undoubtedly will if that parliament indulges in the miserable buffooneries of partymongers and cabals. Compared to this, all other national dangers are safety itself.

The philosopher is a coalitionist, because he conceives coalition to be the unitive and universal principle by which the Divine Being mainly extends the empire of Truth. Zeal for major truths makes men coalitionists. Zeal for minor ones converts them into partisans. By advocating the principle of coalition, we, however, rather seek to harmonise and reconcile the principle of division, than to oppose and destroy it. We know that coalition is the masculine element of union and increase, which should always maintain its relative superiority over the feminine element of division and separation. To use a figure—it is necessary that the great river of Coalition should perpetually overflow the locks and reservoirs of sects and parties, in order to clarify and purify them, not to demolish and annihilate them. If the coalitionary principle is well supported, and the number of coalitionists augments, they keep divisions, sects, and parties in their due legitimate subordination. We are far from slandering or despising the principle of division; we know that in its proper sphere it is the source of half the beauty, order, and happiness in nature. In their just subordination, sects and parties are often exceedingly useful—they serve to produce general emulation and mutual correction—each one ably illustrates some strong point of truth, and powerfully defeats the errors of its antagonist. They, however, too often overstep the limits of this subordination; and then sectarian and party spirit becomes bitter, resentful, and implacable. It is then that coalitionists have to come forward in a more polemical character, and oppose the partisans who have exceeded their privileges. It is then that coalitionists are compelled to launch the keen lightnings of indignant satire on the host of their calumniators, when the use of sects and parties is swallowed up by their abuse, and they degenerate into those schisms and factions that do infinite mischief to society.

This spirit of coalition is entirely separate from the spirit of indifferentism. The one is anxious to unite all truths as far as possible; and by this very union of truths to diminish the forces of error. Whereas indifferentism wilfully confounds the true and the false, and cares not how many lies are propagated and spread abroad.

The time is coming—its signs are already visible—when this long-lost doctrine of coalition, whereby peace on earth and good-will to men is promoted, will be developed by grand and philosophic minds, as a universal law no less important in politics than that of gravitation is in physics. It will be more and more perceived, as several of the public journals have already confessed, that coalition is the only firm ground left for a philosophic politician to stand on. As *Coalitionists* alone can we develop the free preferences of our souls, and obey the convictions of conscience and reason, in relation to the infinite variety of discussions; as *Coalitionists* alone can we cherish that wholesome system of *eclecticism* which the ablest men have ever maintained, and without which we must needs subscribe “slave” to sect and party. How truly does Middleton, in his life of Cicero, eulogise this eclectic theory. “The academic

school of the Eclectics," says he, "which Cicero ever preferred, was in no particular opposition to any, but an equal adversary of all; or rather, to dogmatical philosophy in general; so that every other sect, next to itself, readily gave it the preference to the rest; which universal concession of the second place is commonly thought to infer a right to the first. The eclectic manner of philosophising was of all others the most rational and modest, and the best adapted to the discovery of truth, whose peculiar character it is to encourage enquiry—to sift every question to the bottom—to try the force of every argument, till it has found its real moment and the precise quantity of its weight." Right honestly therefore do we rejoice in our position as *Coalitionists*, and the converse of an increased multitude of enlarged and liberal minds, who are beginning to emancipate themselves from the shackles of sect and party. Fervently do we exult in bearing no party name. For if there be any one impediment to a man's progress in universal truth more fatal than another, it is party spirit. By this are half our contemporaries led captive, wounded, and fettered, cabined, cribbed, confined, trembling to pronounce the very name of intellectual liberty; we have broken those cursed manacles: Heaven keep us from wearing them again.

Such is the coalitionary system of policy recommended by Grotius, Selden, Schlegel, Slarch, Guizot, Butler, and their followers. They maintain that government can only be of two essential kinds: the syncretic or coalitionary, and the divisional or discordant. With the first, namely, the coalitionary, when fairly adopted, are all strength, happiness, and prosperity joined. The second is the poisonous source of all those sects, parties, schisms, and factions, under whose insensate violence Assyria, Greece, Rome, and Carthage have fallen, and Great Britain will probably fall.

We confess the truth of Sir Robert Filmer's doctrine, that the British crown is still essentially patriarchal, catholic, and syncretic; and within these dominions, supreme head of all ecclesiastical and civil authorities, whether Jewish, Roman Catholic, Protestant, Conformist, or Nonconformist. To limit the Catholic crown of Britain to any one sect or party is false and mischievous. That crown rules over all Britain, and Britain is essentially a catholic or mixed constitution, composed of Jews, Papists, Protestants, &c. To assert that it is a protestant constitution, in any exclusive sense, is not correct; the Protestants only form one of its sects and parties.

Under this catholic crown of Great Britain, some bold speculators, fresh from Utopia, propose the necessity of appointing a Lord High Chancellor, or Secretary of ecclesiastical affairs, as distinguished from the Lord Chancellor, who is now overwhelmed with inconsistent duties. This Lord High Chancellor, being the highest representative and officer of the crown, should preside in an ecclesiastical Parliament or convocation. In this convocation, Jewish, Papal, and Protestant prelates, with delegates from the great bodies of dissenters, would assemble under superintendence of the crown and the Lord High Chancellor, and consult for the general good of their several branches of the church universal. In this ecclesiastical parliament the interests of all departments of the universal church, whether Jewish, Papal, or Protestant, would be discussed and regulated just as the various interests of our political parties

are examined in the civil parliament. Nor do they see why the delegates of such an ecclesiastical parliament representing different sects should not proceed as decorously and harmoniously as the delegates of the civil parliament, representing different parties and factions.

This idea, which seems fitter for Utopia than any existing state, was formerly illustrated by a very distinguished politician, and more recently by Mr. Robinson, in his eloquent treatise on the Ecclesiastical condition of the United Kingdom. "I would appoint (says he, page 421) a new secretary of state, one for ecclesiastical affairs. He should superintend and cooperate with the prelates. This would be invaluable to them, because, aided by him, they could, in very many cases, refuse orders, enforce industry, and make regulations in which they cannot now, for lack of moral strength and support. He should have the general interests of the church under his care. It should be his special duty to attend to the providing of means of worship, and such other matters as the clergy cannot provide for. This new secretary of ecclesiastical affairs should vigilantly watch and control all dissenting ministers, Papist and Protestant."

The application of the principle of syncretism and coalition to the British cabinet is far more practicable. Every person is awake to the immense importance of our having a *strong and consistent ministry* to give harmony and consolidation to our national forces. It is evident likewise, that no ministry but a coalitionary one can become either strong or consistent in the present circumstances of the empire. This fact is clear to a demonstration. If our leading statesmen should recollect the fable of *Æsop* respecting the bundle of rods, the stern necessity of self-preservation will urge them to coalesce, and for the sake of their common interests they will merge their personal varieties of opinion. Such a coalitionary ministry, acting in the policy of Guizot, might become both strong and consistent, because it would include the worthiest representatives of each party, and thus acquire the confidence of each party. Such a coalitionary and representative ministry, if well selected, would have a fair chance of remaining long enough in office to corroborate political wisdom by practical experience, and to work the machinery of public business with the least possible friction. They would accumulate fresh energies every day, till they would be able to effect conservative reforms of real and permanent utility, and gradually reduce to subordination the wild elements of democratical and revolutionary madness. No party ministry that can possibly be formed will ever have the same success. Such an expectation is opposed to all historical fact, and involves a contradiction in terms. How can fond and foolish partisans, of any order whatever, dare to flatter themselves that their own favourite clique should acquire universal domination and influence, when it is essentially antagonistical to other political sects not less talented nor less energetic. The consequence is, that every party ministry, in the present condition of society, must be deplorably weak for all philanthropic purposes, just because three-fourths of its energies are occupied in maintaining its existence against the vehement factions that aim at its destruction. No conceivable predicament can be more mischievous for the successive ministries of a country, or for the country itself which endures abuses so enormous.



The truth of this statement has been so amply proved by Coleridge and his friends, that it is now rapidly gaining ground among the leaders of the political press. The catholic and coalitionary editors and contributors will inevitably triumph over mere partisanic and sectarian writers, whatever be the amount of their interest in upholding their favourite faction. Ere long there will be a distinct body of syncretic and coalitionary periodicals, which will hold firmly and generously together, and plead the cause of patriotism against the champions of party, whatever name they may bear.

In the brief limits of this essay it is not possible for us to elaborate the bearings of these principles on the state and prospects of the empire. We may, however, be allowed to drop a few hints on some opinions that are rapidly gaining ground, and will probably emerge in actual results. We take not upon us to decide whether these opinions are good, bad, or indifferent; we would merely state them, as faithful and philosophic historians, as plainly as possible.

One of these opinions is the expediency of enlarging our *paper currency*. The advocates for this proceeding are men of distinguished talent. Among them we may mention John and James Taylor, Attwood, the editors of the *Herald* and *Standard*, and some of the directors of the Bank. Their general proposition amounts to this, that government should make a large issue of one pound notes, declaring them to be legal tenders in all transactions, and receiving them as such for taxes, &c., but leaving them free in other respects to the variations of market price. For example, they would have a one pound note issued by the Bank of England of the legal declared value of a sovereign; just as a sovereign is issued of the legal declared value of twenty shillings. But according to them, neither the bankers nor the people should be *obliged* to exchange a one pound note for a sovereign, any more than they are at present obliged to exchange a sovereign for twenty shillings. No doubt they would generally maintain their equal values, but cases might occur in which the relative amount of paper, gold, or silver would be deficient—in such case, a man might have to pay twenty-one shillings for a note or a sovereign if they were scarce, and he particularly wanted them, just as happens at present in certain circumstances, but without any impeachment of value or depreciation of price.

As we shall probably treat of this question of currency at large, we shall now be brief. It is certain that a very general impression has gone abroad that an enlargement of the paper currency has become necessary to supply the wants and demands of the nation. We suspect that some such arrangement is both practicable and desirable, in order to modify Sir Robert Peel's system of metallic circulation, which having assumed too exclusive an operation, bears particularly hard on many classes of the people.

Another of the opinions which, whether right or wrong, is gaining ground, is that which prefers the voluntary system of ecclesiastical donations, to the obligatory system of tithes and church rates. Its advocates assert that churches are better supported by voluntary than by compulsory payments, and that tithes are an ecclesiastical tax which should be abolished after the lives of the present holders. That tithes are merely an ecclesiastical tax levied by government, which government has a right to modify, or remit according to circumstances, has been

already decided in the reigns of Henry, Elizabeth, and our late monarch, in reference to the Irish church. And though government has, as it were, farmed out these ecclesiastical taxes or tithes for certain periods to clerical appropriators or lay impropriators, yet it never renounced its power of revocation and new appointment. Such is the *property of tithes*. Tithe holders are merely tenants at will upon the government, and the government may rightfully dispossess them whenever the public interest requires it. The monopoly of tithes, as if they were absolute property, is a complete delusion, wrong in law and in fact, but studiously supported by interested parties concerned (*vide Selden's History of Tithes*).

These pleaders for the abolition of this ecclesiastical tax or tithe argue thus:—they say that the voluntary principle is essentially superior to the compulsory one, because the donations that spring from the first are those of piety, virtue, and charity; while the others are not. They say, therefore, that the compulsory principle should not be resorted to but in case of necessity, and that no such necessity exists at present. They say that the Roman Catholics and Dissenters are going on flourishingly on the voluntary principle; that the congregations of the Nonconformists cheerfully and bounteously support their own places of worship, and that the congregations of Conformists, being richer, should do so too; and that the present system of compulsory tithes, and commutations of tithes, church rates, &c., is ruining the established church, because it is considered an unfair monopoly, and raises implacable animosity against her.

These views are ably supported by Adam Smith, the shrewdest of our economists. He was strongly opposed to tithes, which he calls a land tax bearing most unequally and injuriously. He saw that free trade in religion was as important as free trade in corn, and that by taxing the one it became necessary to tax the other. In other words, by burdening the land with tithe, the price of corn was inevitably enhanced by duties. "Observe (says Smith) the laws against corn may everywhere be compared to the laws against religion. The people feel themselves so much interested in what relates either to their subsistence in this life, or their happiness in a life to come, that government must yield to their prejudices, and in order to preserve the public tranquillity, establish that system which they approve of."

As to the free trade in corn, Adam Smith is strongly in its favour. "The trade of the merchant importer of foreign corn for home consumption evidently contributes to the immediate supply of the home market, and must so far be immediately beneficial to the great body of the people. It tends, indeed, somewhat to lower the average money price of corn, but not to diminish its real value or the quantity of labour which it is capable of maintaining. If importation was at all times free, our farmers and country gentlemen would probably, one year with another, get less money for their corn than they do at present, when importation is at most times in effect prohibited; but the money which they got would be of more value, would buy more goods of all other kinds, and would employ more labour. Their real wealth, their real revenue, therefore, would be the same as at present, though it might be expressed by a smaller quantity of silver, and they would neither be

disabled nor discouraged from cultivating corn as much as they do at present. On the contrary, the rise in the real value of silver, in consequence of lowering the money price of corn, lowers somewhat the money price of all other commodities; it gives the industry of the country where it takes place, some advantage in all foreign markets, and thereby tends to encourage and increase that industry."

Aye, still better than this, Dr. Smith, if, according to the system of the economists, our land could gradually be delivered from its burdens, the poor, having better employment and cheaper food, would no longer exact such heavy poor-rates; and thus the landlord would gain eventually far more than he can lose by free trade in corn.

One word more respecting the poor laws, and we have done. We wish to state our firm conviction that the original theory of *workhouses* is a good theory, but that of *poorhouses* a bad one. The scheme we approve is, that every parish or union, should have a workhouse, properly so called; a house, the duty of whose officers shall be that of work agents, who shall provide work for the poor, who cannot get work elsewhere. Every workhouse would then become a work-agency office: its officers would give less wages than private employers; but still the poor would know where to apply in case they wanted work, and would be paid according to work done. This plan would soon put the poor in a proper position; industry would be encouraged and rewarded; idleness would deservedly suffer, for if any man refuses to work neither let him eat. We are bound to supply the poor with work and wages, but not wages without work. "Every poorhouse," as Dr. Chalmers observes, "which has been established in oblivion of this principle—every one which has created a divorce between the ideas of labour and maintenance, has done incredible mischief. The well-managed *workhouse*, like that which existed at Kensington, is a blessing to a parish—a *poorhouse* is generally a curse.

This principle, which would convert poor houses into workhouses, and these into *Joint Stock Union Banks*, for the encouragement of industry, has been ably illustrated by one of our Paris correspondents, *vide* the article entitled "Remedy for Pauperism," in the last number of the MONTHLY MAGAZINE. Though we do not agree with the author in all his details, he has shadowed forth a great truth, which our government is beginning to recognise. A truth not less noticeable because it is a favourite doctrine among the French Fourierites, and the English Owenites, Chartists, and Socialists.

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## THE BLACKSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "REMEMBRANCES OF A MONTHLY-NURSE."

SHE stood blowing the bellows in her father's smithy, her face begrimed with soot, her slender heels peeping out of her black worsted stockings, and her long ebon tresses twining around her in the greatest disorder, part of them, however, fastened up at the back of her head with a broken horn comb; yet, amidst all these disadvantages, no one could look at the blacksmith's youthful daughter, Ruth Fearncombe, without being struck with the perfect symmetry of her form, and



the brilliancy and beauty of her large dark eyes, shaded as they were by the long silken lashes that fringed their lids.

"Father," said Ruth Fearncombe, washing her hands in the dirty water, contained in the stone trough, kept there for the purpose of cooling the red-hot horse shoes and bars of iron her father was in the habit of working on—"Father," and she wiped her delicately formed, but half-clean fingers on her blue woollen apron, with an air of determination, "I will blow the *bellies* no more for you; I will go and live at the Golden Lion, and help Tom Bassett to clean the pots, and draw the beer; I'm weary of the old roaring smithy and the hissing sparks; and I'll have something *new* if I die for it."

"Hoity-toity! what's in the wind now?" called out Hugh Fearncombe, in a voice of thunder, and leaving an unfinished ploughshare to cool at its leisure upon the anvil. "Is the girl distraught? Go get a penny ball of worsted, you jade, and mend those staring holes in your black hose, and twist those snake-like locks a little more decent up round your head, and not sit there, looking like the wife of *Turpin*, so impudent up in my face. Begone! I say."

"No! Father," said Ruth, in a cool and resolute tone of voice, yet in which a slight degree of tremor might be detected; "I won't mend the old black stockings any more: and I'll never touch the *bellies* again so long as I live; and so you have my answer:" and she folded one of her arms within the other, in as elegant a posture of self-taught defiance, as ever was practised by actress upon the stage.

"By holy Saint Paul, and all the saints, with the martyrs thrown into the bargain, the wench has been drinking up my quart of ale, and has got herself fuddled," exclaimed the stalwart blacksmith, gazing with amazement at his young daughter, who had not yet numbered fifteen years: "or,"—and he hesitated, and felt a spasm at his heart, "she has got a portion of *her mother's* spirit come on to her, just like the measles, that never asks with your leave, or by your leave, but walks in and goes to work in a man's house as if it was his own. What's bred in the bone is sure to come out in the flesh! I shall have a plaguey time of it, I see;" and Hugh wiped the cold drops of perspiration from his brow with his sooty hand, leaving its black track behind it.

"Now don't bring up *mother's* name again," said Ruth, fire flashing from her eyes, "I've borne it long enough, and many things beside. What tho'f she *had* a spirit, she never darkens your doors now, wherever she may be; and I dreamed of her last night. It's a shame, Father, to abuse her to her own child, as you do, all the day long; I'll not stay to hear it."

"Ruth!" cried the agitated man, sinking down upon a wheel-barrow, come in to be repaired, and again mechanically wiping his forehead with the sleeve of his shirt, "Ruth! will you too forsake me?"

The girl returned no answer; but her bosom evidently palpitated with emotion, and her eye-lids were nearly closed: she untied the strings of her blue apron uneasily, and then tied them again; began picking the dirt from her nails with an old yellow pin she found in her boddice, and beat her little foot, coarsely shod as it was, upon the ground, in evident disorder.

"I have not been, it is true, an over kind father," said Hugh, follow-

ing up the advantage he had evidently gained; "but the still water is always the deepest. Ruth, I have but you in all the wide world—and—and you are dear to me as—as my own child."

"You need not tell me that, Father," said the girl, almost sullenly, "I shall come up to see you every day, and shall clean out the black-bird's cage every Saturday, and dress your Sunday's dinner for you, if they will let me stop so long; but don't be in a passion, Father, now, and beat me as you used to do poor mother, but I won't blow the bellies any more!"

"Beat you," repeated Hugh Fearncombe, "did I ever lay my finger upon you in my life?"

"I can't say you ever did," cried the girl, doggedly. "No! you never did; neither in love nor anger, and there's the mischief of it. All as dead and still you was, as the black water in yon trough. I wish you had a strapped me now and then, with that bit of bridle hanging up there, so as you had but a took me in your arms once in your life, as mother did every blessed day and night, and called me '*Child*!'"

Hugh Fearncombe was moved beyond measure: his smithy-fire had gone out and he perceived it not; he muttered to himself, "True, most true; it is the fault of my temper; my nature is not good—*she* told me so a thousand times!" and his head dropped upon his breast. When he looked up, his daughter had disappeared into the inner chamber, and he thought and hoped she would go on again as usual, but he did not resume his work.

"Shall I bring you the rasher and the *taties* into the smithy, Father," called out Ruth from the inner room; "the head has been off the beer an hour ago; and I am going in to clean myself, for I don't want any dinner to-day myself."

"She is not out of her *tantrums* yet, I see," argued Hugh Fearncombe to himself. "What can have made her thus? Dreaming of her mother, I think she said. Aye, and so have I, every night since she left me.—But here comes a customer."

A farmer wanted his horse's-shoe fastened; so, giving a hearty shake to his leather apron, as if to fling away the thought, the blacksmith began to hammer it on, and report that "Two others were worn as thin as a sixpence, and would be off in another day."

"Let them live their time out," said the farmer, good humouredly; "'every thing should have its natural life,' as the frog said to the scythe, when his hind legs were cut off. Where is your little daughter, Master Hugh? I declare I do not know your smithy without pretty, saucy Ruth."

"Aye, *saucy* enough, for the matter of that, Master Wilson," answered Hugh, sighing heavily, "all of woman-kind are sure to be that. Tongue! tongue! nothing but tongue."

"You speak from experience, I fancy, Hugh," said the farmer, laughing. "Why, what could you expect my man, when you married a gypsy girl; one of those lazy, black-eyed strollers, that are taught thieving before they have learned to speak? She was a fine, strapping, handsome wench, tho', for all that, and could read a palm with any of her tribe."

"The woman I married, Master Wilson, was *not* a born gypsey, I

would have you to know, more than your own dame ; she only consorted with them gentry in her youth, and larnt a few of their tricks. She was a rich man's child she told me, and was stole away in her infancy. I know all about her history ; and I don't like to hear her called a stroller."

"She is gone home to her great relations then I 'spose," said the farmer, with another chuckling laugh. "Well ! I hope she will send back a fortin for the little one—but here she comes, dressed out as fine as five-pence. How do you do, my little maid ?"

"Good bye, Father," said Ruth, dropping a little curtsy to the farmer ; "I'm going to the Golden Lion, and will run up aud see you to-morrow ;" and she approached to take the hand of Hugh, extending one of her own, which, being now perfectly clean, was as well-formed a hand as any lady's in the land ; her face, neck, and bosom, too, were well polished up with a bit of yellow soap, warm water, and a rough towel ; her glossy hair was tidily put up behind, but the ringlets would still stray over her rounded cheeks, and finely chiselled forehead. Most exquisitely lovely did she look, and as her young elastic form leant forward to reach her father's sooty hands, she resembled more one of the fabled nymphs of antiquity than a common blacksmith's daughter, living upon the borders of a wild heath, more than a mile from any other habitation, and full a couple from the market town of S—, in Wiltshire.

Amidst the profound astonishment of Hugh Fearncombe at this address, and the quiet tone of high determination in which it was spoken, the man could not help observing, that his daughter had on a pair of snow-white cotton stockings on her little feet, and as smart a pair of black prunella, well-fitting shoes, as any farmer's daughter in the land. He stood mystified as he gazed upon these extraordinary things, and wonder balanced grief so nicely in his mind, that he could find no words. Be it known that he was always half drunk.

"Will you not shake hands with me, Father, before I go ?" said the young girl, with the softest voice in the world, whilst those majestic eyes of her's were moistened with tears.

"Where did you get those cotton hose, and fine-lady pumps, Ruth ?" at length said the father, arousing himself from his torpor ; "and can you consent to leave your poor old father here alone upon the common, with nothing to cheer him—no comfort left."

"The barrel of ale is not even *at stoop* yet, Father," answered Ruth, "and you know better than I can tell you, that you want no other company when you have got the tankard."

"How her words *bite* !" muttered out Hugh, clenching his brawny fist, and stepping back a foot or two ; "she has not dreamt of her mother for nothing ! Where got ye those milk-white stockings, hussey ? Where those dancing shoes, that make you look like a fairy ?" and in spite of his astonishment and anger, the sturdy blacksmith felt proud of the extreme beauty of his little daughter's feet and ankles, exposed it must be owned, to their very full extent, seeing that her linsey-woolsey petticoat was nearly up to her knees—so much had she grown within the last twelvemonth—and she not having a longer one to put on.

"I shall tell you no lie, Father," said Ruth Fearncombe, blushing a deep scarlet, as she perceived the jolly farmer eyeing her short attire, and



winking approvingly at the blacksmith, as much as to say, "Her legs are worth looking at;" "I never did tell you a lie, Father, and that you know. Well then, Tim Bassett, as lives at the Golden Lion, has saved up all his wages, and bought 'em for me at the fair; and he has got me the place too, in the tap-room, and says I shall be as happy as a princess, if he can make me so."

"Hugh Fearncombe," cried farmer Wilson, seriously, "you must not suffer little Ruth to serve in a tap-room; she will soon come to ruin there. Since she has a mind to see the world, let her stop a day or so quiet at home, and I will speak to my dame, and see if she can make room for her at our farm. What say you to that, my pretty lass?"

"That I thank you kindly, Sir," answered Ruth, turning aside from his admiring gaze; "but I know when I have got a good offer, and I mean to accept it. I shall go and live at the Golden Lion."

"Just as wilful as her mother," murmured out the blacksmith. "Remember, Ruth, that with all her faults, she who brought you into the world was virtuous; let not the daughter disgrace her parent and her family."

"She was virtuous, indeed!" cried Ruth, in a kind of ecstasy; "most virtuous Father, or she would not have stood at my bedside last night, and told me what to do."

"Stood at your bedside, Ruth!" cried the father, turning as pale as flour; "then she is dead, and I shall never see that lovely form again. Oh! Alice, Alice!"

A most extraordinary smile shot across the features of the smith's daughter, followed by a short, wild laugh, that made both the hearers start. "That was a right down gypsy laugh," said farmer Wilson, "there's nothing human like it; but I must be off, and not stand prating here all day. I shall call in at the Golden Lion, every market-day, and see how your little daughter gets on in the tap-room; but she has more of the mother's natur about her than the father's, it seems to me; and I should not like to be a *hen's-roost* in her way tho'f she has such *lark-heels*," and the farmer mounted his nag, and jollily rode away, calling out "the gypsy blood, depend upon it is in her."

"Neither the mother nor the daughter would touch one of that rude fellow's hen-roost's, or any body else's, to save themselves from starving," exclaimed the little, short-petticoated damsel, most indignantly, as she seemed to grow taller in stature as she spoke. "Say 'God bless you,' father, before I go, for Tim will be looking out for me: you can manage to blow the *bellies* 'till I send you somebody to do it for you; but come what will, I *never will work in a smithy again*."

"God bless you, Ruth," said the father, more softened than he liked to own; "if she should stand at your bedside again, child, tell her that—that," and he burst into tears.

"I know all about it, Father," said the young girl, taking from her bosom a new pink and white spotted handkerchief (another present from Tim), and she wiped away the tears from the begrimed face of the smith, much to the injury of the aforesaid gay present. Her father thought so too, for he gently put it aside, and pulled out his own, more accustomed to such office.

"I will walk a little way with you, *child*," said Hugh Fearncombe,

taking off his apron and brown paper cap ; " and should Tim Bassett want to make you any more presents, mind that he buys you a new lindsey-woolsey petticoat, full half a foot longer than your old one. But be careful of him, Ruth, for all that."

" I'll have a *silk* one before I die," said the young girl ; " and you shall see me wear it."

" Would that your mother could see it too," said the smith mournfully ; " but mind again, she was a virtuous woman ; and I tell you, Ruth, for all the farmer says, she was no Gypsy."

" I know all about it," was the short, mysterious reply. They walked silently side by side over the wide heath, in which innumerable flocks of geese, and many asses were feeding ; they passed down together a green, shady lade—a short cut to the town of S—— ; at the end of this, Hugh repeated the " God bless you, child ! " and the little maiden, with a moistened eye, and a small bundle, tripped merrily into the suburbs. The faithful pot-boy was anxiously looking out for her, and gazing with much pride on her snowy stockings, and neat black shoes, the produce of all his slender means : he took her by the hand, and with all the gallantry of a knight-errant, but a little more of trepidation, he led her into the awful presence of Mrs. Metcalf, the comely landlady of the Golden Lion, saying, with a sheepish bow, " This be the *sister*, Missis, that I told ye of."

Now Tim Bassett, whatever taste in beauty he might possess, and that he had such, there can be little doubt of from his partiality to, and admiration of our young heroine, was no beauty himself ; as he had a certain slight obliquity in his eyes, anything but becoming, and short, stumpy hair, of a hue which once gave him the nick-name of "*Carrots*," greatly to his annoyance. Being a boy of much ingenuity, he had endeavoured, with a penny-worth of *ink*, to change its colour ; but the fault of his hair being a *radical* one, it was continually springing up again of its own accord, and natural tint, thus making his head to appear party-coloured, and requiring constant attention, more indeed than he could devote to it ; so he left it at last to its fate, and a pretty, grizzled sort of head had he left it, which caused his friends and associates to change his cognomen from "*Carrots*" to "*Pepper and Salt* ; " which soubriquet did not seem to hurt his feelings half so much as the former one, for he submitted quietly to it, and answered to it quite as readily as if they had called him " Tim."

" This be the sister, Missis, that I told you of," said " Pepper and Salt," scraping his foot, and scratching this before-mentioned blacking-brush head of his, as he ushered Ruth, with an air of patronage, into the *presence* of the lady empress of the " Golden Lion."

The contrast between the two was so extraordinary, that it instantly struck the sleek and good-humored hostess, who called out facetiously, " What a fool you must have been, Tim, not to *help yourself* to a little more of the *beauty* of the family, and not have left it all to the share of your younger sister ! You no more resemble each other than our old scrubby magpie yonder, does the fine peacock in Squire Holt's grounds up at the lodge. But, my little lass, I think your mother might have joined a piece on to the bottom of your petticoat, before she sent you here ; it is nearly up to your knees."

"I ha' got no mother, Ma'am, to see to me," said Ruth, curtsying and blushing; "and father is too fond of the —— I mean, he is too poor to buy me a new one."

"Poor girl!" said Mrs. Metcalf compassionately. "Well, we can soon remedy that; but have you no black stockings to put on? Those white ones will always be in the wash-tub."

"They be all to pieces, Ma'am," said Ruth. "Tim bought me these with his wages; I wish they had been black ones."

"We can mend that matter, too," said the bonnie landlady; then perceiving that two young farmers were making game at Ruth's short petticoats, as they stood lounging together in the door-way, she called out at the top of her voice, so that they might hear her, "Come into the bar, little one, until we have made you fit to be seen; and not stand there to be grinned at by every *Cheshire cat* in the country. There, take that towel, and see if you can wash and dry those glasses without breaking them. And you, Tim, go about your business; they are wanting you in the tap; I'll take care of your sister, and crack the skull of the first gentleman in the land, if he runs his rigs upon any one I take under my protection." And Ruth, by this stroke of good luck, was at once installed into the office of bar-maid at the Golden Lion, the head inn of the town of S——.

I have before said that Ruth Fearncombe had very delicately-formed hands and fingers, so that she got through her new occupation so tidily that Mrs. Metcalf was much pleased, and said more than once throughout that evening, "That as that pert, forward minx, Patty Wheeler chose to stay a day longer on her holy-day than she bargained for, never more would she take her into the bar again; but she would train up little Ruth to tend upon the customers, and assist herself."

It would be hard to say whether poor Tim Basset, the pot-boy, felt more of astonishment and gratification, than vexation, at the sudden and unexpected preferment of his dearly-beloved Ruth. He had indulged himself in many dreams of happiness, as he schemed to bring the blacksmith's little dark-eyed daughter, his play-fellow often upon the Common, into the service of the landlady of the Golden Lion. How he had achieved such consummation to his wishes, it would be hard to say. With an audacity that no one but a pot-boy could have ventured on, whenever reprimanded for the dinginess of his pots, or his being out of the way when wanted, he had constantly affirmed, that all these grievances would be amended if he could but have his "little sister Ruth to help him." "She eats no more food than a sky-lark," he would mutter out in the hearing of his mistress; "and she is as nimble as a tom-tit. Then as to drawing of beer, she is used to that; for *her* father—I mean, father, is sending her to the ale-barrel all the day long. Such a froth she makes on the head of the tankard! she beats me at that all to nothing!"

"Let us have this little nimble-fingered sister of yours to help you," said one day the rosy-faced Mrs. Metcalf to the pertinacious "Pepper and Salt;" "for I see we shall have no peace, no, nor clean pots either, till she comes." And away scampered off Tim to convey the blessed intelligence, at the hour when Hugh Fearncombe took his afternoon's nap, with his second or third tankard of ale by the side of him; and



little Ruth was at liberty to run about upon the heath, as wild, and as frolicsome as the young foals, that kicked up their heels by the side of their sober-minded dams, who were grazing contentedly upon it.

"You shall blow the old man's *bellies* no more," vociferated Tim, waving his old cap as soon as he saw his little innamorata; "Missis has given leave that ye shall come and help me."

"What! live at the Golden Lion?" demanded the little maid, with sparkling eyes; "That will be worth having! but look at my old stockings, Tim! and my shoes, without toes."

"I shall take my month's wages to-morrow, little Ruthey, and I'll run over to Tilterton Fair, and buy you a pair of both. Let's look at the size of your little *trotters*."

With a piece of whip-cord, which every boy has in his pocket, Tim Basset measured, in the best way he could, the delicate, but dirty feet of Ruth Fearncombe. The white hose and Prunella slippers were bought, and the day fixed between the two plotters for her entering on her new vocation. Her leave-taking with her father, the mysterious blacksmith, for such he was to all the neighbourhood, has been shown; also her promotion to the high honour of assistant in the bar; but the mingled and opposite feelings of poor "Pepper and Salt" who can describe? What metaphysician is there that is subtle enough to analyse all that was going on in the bosom, or brain, or nerves, or wherever the soul of a pot-boy may chance to be located? No; he would give up the task, as far above his powers; it was a skein too complicated and entangled for him to unravel, and wind off *fit for use*. That night following the day of Ruth's admission to the Golden Lion, Tim Basset, lying in his loft, ruminated until he became a man; thoughts and aspirations germinated within him that were unknown to him before. To follow the train of them is far beyond my power; but when he arose in the morning, it was with the determination, boy as he was, not yet sixteen, to enter into an explanation with "little Ruth;" tell her that he loved her, and make her feel that he was not one to be trifled with.

In the meantime, the good-natured, jolly-looking, Mrs. Metcalf, had been rummaging amongst her stores, and had found out a couple of pair of her daughter Lavinia's old black silk stockings, and a plum-coloured Merino dress, made quite in style; the said young lady having had a new wardrobe on being sent to a boarding-school, to *finish* her education. Ruth was accordingly summoned and ordered to put on this really handsome dress on the morrow; she was shewn, too, the way how to divide her rich raven hair, and put it up in a neat knot at the back of her head; then, with a caution to her to behave herself decently, and "never allow the roving young blades, nor the old ones neither, the slightest liberty, or she should send her home to her father," she dismissed her into a small inner chamber or closet, where she told her, "*she might keep the bed aired*" until Miss Lavinia, her daughter, came home for the holidays.

Never before had Ruth Fearncombe possessed such alluring attire. A Merino dress, braided with black, which fitted her as close as wax, and just discovered a little of her clear neck below her finely rounded throat, without unveiling her girlish bosom; the sleeves were fastened round her slender wrists with a neat braided cuff, and three or four rows

of the same braid finished off the bottom of the skirt, a little way above her ankle, which was now enveloped in one of the pairs of black silk stockings, nicely darned, and that only in the feet. Mrs. Metcalf absolutely started as the blacksmith's daughter entered the bar, with a modest but quick step, and began to arrange the glasses, put fresh water in the leaden cistern, and wipe up all the slops on the counter, or what is technically called "The Bar."

"Ruth Fearncombe," said the landlady, "you are the very image of my daughter Lavinia; I declare you made me start as you came in, and in that dress too. Not that *she* is ever permitted to enter the bar, unless, indeed, sometimes to read to me the newspaper, or a chapter or two of some pretty new novel she gets at the circulating library. Can you read, my dear?"

"Father taught me a little, Ma'am; but all his books be outlandish ones; I could not make out head or tail of what he taught me, so I gave over larning, and have never read any thing since, except the little ballad mother left behind her, and which she used to sing over me, when I was a babby?"

"Then you can sing it too?" inquired Mrs. Metcalf.

"After a fashion," answered Ruth, "but not with the clear, high voice of mother. Father could not bear to hear her sing—it made him mad like; but oh! it was sweet to me. May I just run up a bit, in the evening, and shew him, for all that, my beautiful new dress, and silk stockings; I think it will make his heart merry—but I shall have a silk dress before I die."

Mrs. Metcalf smiled to hear the old cast-off dress of Miss Lavinia called a new one, but she was not displeased. "You are a good girl to think of your father," said she; "and you may go, and so may Tim, to take care of you home."

"Thank'ee, Missus," said "Pepper-and-Salt," who had been overhearing all the discourse, as he stood in the passage; "we'll not be away more nor an hour. Shall us, Ruth?"

"What! have you got a new bar-maid, Mrs. Metcalf, instead of 'Frisking Patty,' as we young men used to call her," said Mr. Frank Holt, the son of the gentleman who owned the peacock and the lodge, which have been just mentioned, and who was out with his dog and gun that morning, and called in for a glass of rum and milk, to keep out the cold.

"'Frisking Patty,' thanks you for your impudence, Mr. Frank," exclaimed a showily-dressed, brisk, but bold-looking girl, just then bouncing into the bar, with a heightened colour, and not a very placable expression of countenance. "New bar-maid, indeed! What do you mean by that? I have been only out for a holiday, and thof I have staid one day longer than Missus gave me leave, she knows better than to send me away for such a trifle as that, and take such a minikin thing as that in my place. Stand out of my way, little Twopenny (and she snatched the napkin away from Ruth's hand), how should you know how to mix a glass of negus, or speak to a customer? Don't you see I am come home again?"

"This is your home no longer, Patty Wheeler," said the hostess of the Golden Lion; "I have heard of a few of your tricks of late, since

you have been away ; and as you have chose to stay out without permission so long, the sooner you take yourself off, for good and ill, the better ; I shall not take you back ; so give the child the napkin back again. She is now my new bar-maid."

"That bit of a slim, baby thing, a *bar-maid*!" said "Frisking Patty," in a tone of derision. "Why, surely Missus, you must be making game. Men like to be served by a full-grown, good-looking young woman, and not by a raw child, who ought to wear a pinafore. You'll find the difference of it, if you send me away, and without warning too; I'll go and live at the White Hart."

"You may go and live at the Devil's Horns, if you like it," said the imperturbable Mrs. Metcalf; "but *here* you never shall another day ; so get out of my bar immediately, pack up your trumpery, and begone. I'll give you your wages, and that's not much, when you're ready."

"Let me speak a word for 'Frisking Patty,'" cried Mr. Frank Holt; "and yet you have a very pretty little girl in her place, that I must allow—still—"

"I allow no one to interfere betwixt me and my servants," answered the hostess, bridling up; "you know, and so do all the young men in the town, that Patty is good for nought."

"I'll teach you to take away my character," called out the dismissed bar-maid. "What have I done that is good for nought?"

"Only made a few false scores to put the difference in your own pocket! Only trusted your sweethearts at my expense! Only gone out a *dancing at night*, when we all thought you was a-bed! It's all come out, Mrs. Pat, and the two silver spoons, too, that we found in your box, besides a heap of other things. *Character*, indeed! I like that word amazingly!"

With a crest-fallen countenance, away retreated the deposed bar-maid—collected together her wardrobe, and very meekly came outside the bar, in half an hour, to say "Good bye," and receive what Mrs. Metcalf chose to give her, who, from a feeling of charity, or a wish to appear gracious, no matter which, handed to her a glass of shrub at the same time, and told her to keep up her spirits, and she would speak a good word for her yet, to get her another situation.

During this scene, Ruth Fearncombe had been standing, almost like a statue, fixing her eyes alternately on the landlady, her patroness, and on her predecessor. Her bosom agitated between hope and fear for herself, wonder and pity at the fate of the delinquent. When the matter was decided, she burst into a flood of tears, and exclaimed, "It was no fault of mine that she has lost her place."

"Your fault, you silly wench!" said Mrs. Metcalf, very kindly; "why what in the devil's name have you to do with it? There, wipe up your tears, and sing to Squire Holt (that is his son) the little ballad you say your mother 'left behind her,' as you call it. How long has she been dead?"

"She be alive and well now, Ma'am," answered Ruth; "only father and she could not agree. She was fond of a wild life; for she had been used to it, and loved to give a cup of ale now and then to the gipsies, her old friends, when they come to see her, and father liked to drink it all himself, so he shouted and raved at her, and beat her, and then was



sorry for it, and axed her pardon ; so she could bear such usage no longer, but when the gipsies came last year, her old acquaintance, she run away and left us, and ha' been with the company on'em ever since."

"What a shameful thing of her to forsake her child—and such a child too!" said Mr. Frank, warming himself into a tone of his highest admiration for the blacksmith's daughter.

"Who told you she had *forsaken* her child?" cried Ruth, raising her large lustrous eyes, still glistening with tears and indignation, to the face of Mr. Frank.

"You said she had left you both," said the young gentleman, much amazed at the petulance of the little damsel, and struck also with the extreme beauty of her eyes, and animation of her very handsome but childish features ; "but I am very glad you see her sometimes."

"You will see her too, perhaps, before you die," said Ruth, half mutteringly to herself, half threateningly to him ; "but it is not fit that gentlemen, like Mr. Frank Holt, should talk to a poor girl, the daughter of Hugh Fearncombe, the blacksmith, and a wandering gipsy, as they call her."

"How knew you that my name was Frank?" enquired young Holt, springing upon his feet, and much more agitated than there seemed occasion for. "You are then the daughter of Hugh Fearncombe, who once—" but he checked himself, and looked cautiously round, played with his gun, and fondled his dog, who was lying at his feet, in a snug corner of the bar. He fell after that into profound meditation ; then watched covertly all the motions of the little barmaid, but without attempting to address her. Breakfast was preparing, and Ruth was very busy with the tea-cups ; she brushed up the sugar-tongs and spoons with a piece of wash-leather, as she had been taught to do by Mrs. Metcalf the day preceding, buttered the hot rolls, and put them by the fire, then made the tea, and all with such a natural grace and ease, that it drew forth the observation from her mistress, "that she was a very *gain* girl, and she saw would wait in a bar as well as any one in the world, when she was used to it."

"I shall beg leave to breakfast with you, Mrs. Metcalf," said young Holt, "my exercise has given me an appetite, and I'll make you a present, besides, of this leash of birds and cock pheasant ; we have plenty of game up at the Lodge."

Now as the father of the young sportsman was the proprietor of the Golden Lion, and a very excellent landlord, it is no wonder that the jolly widow expressed great pleasure in having the son for her guest. At that moment a post chaise and four stopped at the door of the inn, "to take breakfast and change horses," as the waiter technically called it. "Pour out the tea for Mr. Holt, Ruth," said the hostess, hurrying away to do the honors of her house to the "*quality*," for they travelled in their own carriage, and that ever *qualifies* people to be so termed ; "and be sure you make his honour comfortable," she added. "Give the drivers a glass of rum each—but you need not quite fill them—you understand ; but I forgot, how should the child know when she only came here yesterday," and away bustled Mrs. Metcalf.

"Will you give me another lump of sugar, little Ruth," said Mr. Frank ; "I like *sweet* things amazingly, of all sorts."

Ruth placed the sugar-bason right before him, but made no reply, then resumed her occupation amongst the glasses and the measures.

"Have you breakfasted, my pretty little maid?" enquired the guest, in a most insinuating tone of voice.

"Yes, sir, as soon as the lark was up; I took a sup of milk and a crust of bread the first thing in the morning."

"Will you not have a cup of tea, Ruth? Here, I will pour you out one," said Frank in a bland accent.

"Tea is for gentlefolks, sir," said the little maid, with proud humility, "*when I become one I will drink tea*;" and there passed over the perfect features of the young girl an arch smile, which she endeavoured to repress with all her might, and she so pursed up her pretty mouth in the attempt, that young Holt burst out into a loud laugh, and called out to Mrs. Metcalf, who just then returned, "Here, what think you?—your new little maid says she shall *soon* be a *gentlewoman*, and drink tea in her own drawing room."

"Did I say that?" cried Ruth, her eyes flashing sparks of electric fire. "An' if I did, it may come true; but if I should be a lady I'll tell the truth, and not get anger for those beneath me," and she proudly turned away.

"What a little *Tartar* it is," whispered Mr. Frank to the hostess; "but I like her spirit,—I only said it to vex her."

"I thought it must be only your fun, Mr. Frank," cried the hostess, good-humouredly; "I hope the girl knows more manners than talk nonsense to her betters."

"Yes," cried Ruth, "Father has taught me always to respect my *betters*," and she dropped a little curtsey to the young squire, whilst the tone of her voice, and the expression of her countenance, betrayed such unequivocal irony, that it caught the attention of her mistress, who, suppressing a smile that arose whether she would or no, asked her, in a sharp tone, "What she meant by that?"

Mr. Frank came up to her rescue; he seemed both amused and interested. Before he went away he offered Ruth a sovereign if she would sing him the gipsy song of her mother.

"There is nobody about, just now," said Mrs. Metcalf; "so oblige his honour. Sovereigns are not to be picked up every day. You can buy yourself a new gown with it, and a couple of white aprons, which you must have."

"I shall give it to Father, ma'am, if I *arn* it by singing," answered Ruth, with a tone of decision, as if she had been born an empress.

"Do as you like with it, my girl," said the landlady, "but make haste about it, for this is market-day, and we shall have the house swarming soon with customers."

"Mother lived with the gipsies once," said Ruth, taking a bit of vellum out of her bosom, covered up in a piece of silk, something like those charms the fortune-tellers sell to their votaries.

"Was she not a *born* gipsy?" enquired Mr. Frank, with a careless air.

"No, Sir, she was not; but I must sing her song, since missis gives me leave; but it must not be over loud, for this is not the place to make the voice ring again, as mother always does." And clear as a silver

bell—wild as the mounting lark—thus did the Blacksmith's Daughter pour forth the notes and words of

THE GIPSY'S SONG.

I love on the Summer's night to lie  
Beneath a broad expanse of sky,  
And breathe the mountain air;  
To watch with calm yet wondering eye  
The moon, like seraph, gliding by,  
And wish that I were there!

To think—(if *thinking* it may be)—  
That moon is gazing down on me,  
Upon my heather-bed;  
And seems to say, "You love, I see,  
To lead a life that's wild and free,  
With Heaven above your head."

I love to watch, like diamonds bright,  
The stars come glittering forth to sight,  
And ask them one by one,  
"Where got you that fair robe of light,  
To wear upon this gala night,  
When I, alas! have none?"

The wild thyme blooms around my bed,  
The yellow broom supports my head,  
All nature smiles on me;  
Like bees and butterflies I'm fed,  
Who *toil* not for their daily bread,  
But *take* the food they see.

No wonder that the stars I love,  
When thus I talk to them above,  
And they to me reply;  
No wonder that I love to rove  
O'er mountain, valley, heath, and grove,  
Beneath the summer's sky!

The blacksmith's daughter ceased: then, with much simplicity, held out her hand for the sovereign, for which she had bargained with the young squire. He perceived not the action at the moment, so much was he chained up in astonishment at the words that had fallen from the mouth of the gipsy's child, and the pure, sweet manner in which they had been warbled forth. "*Who* and what are you?" he at length exclaimed. "No vulgar wandering vagabond ever composed that song: allow me to look at the writing."

"It is not her hand," said Ruth, coolly returning the parchment to its little enclosure, and replacing it in her bosom. "My mother cannot write, though she can sing, and *make* her ditties too; my father wrote it down from my mother's mouth, and he can——"

"Do *what*?" asked Mr. Frank, with extreme eagerness.

"Make horse-shoes, sir," answered Ruth, with such a provoking and arch evasion of the question, that Mrs. Metcalf burst out into a hearty laugh, in which the young man tried to join her, but could not do it



naturally. "You are all a most mysterious family;—father, mother, and child," at length he said, and rose to depart. "Are you the only daughter?" he turned round and asked.

"Yes, I be," was the innocent answer.

"The *only* child, I mean?" he continued.

Ruth hesitated, she thought of Tim Bassett, the friendly pot-boy, who had introduced her there as *his sister*; she did not like to implicate him, and yet she scorned to pronounce a falsehood.

"Cannot you answer the gentleman, you silly child?" said Mrs. Metcalf.

"I am waiting to thank his honour for my wages," was the evasive and arch reply; whilst the teeth of Ruth glistened like a row of pearls at her own dexterity.

"True; I had forgot," cried Mr. Frank, vexed at his forgetfulness.

"Here, my little nightingale, here are a couple of sparklers for you; but you must sing me that song again for them."

"I bargained with you but for one," said Ruth, with the dignity of a princess, "and I shall ha' but one," and she coolly returned the other. "This will comfort Father, and buy him another barrel of ale; he can't, no ways, now, do without it."

"Strange and incomprehensible girl!" muttered out the young sportsman, as he whistled to his dog, and took his leave.

Ruth Fearncombe was allowed, according to promise, to run over in the evening of that day, escorted by "Pepper and Salt," to the common, where stood her father's hut and smithy. Tim convinced her on the way, that he had contrived, by hook or by crook, to *hear* every word of the conversation in the bar; he admonished her very gravely on "turning ballad-singer, to Mr. Frank, or any other gemman in the world,—thof she had gained a *canary-bird* by it." But he much approved of her rejecting the other, "as that would have been a *gift*," he said, "and young gemman's gifts often *burnt a hole* in a poor girl's pockets."

"Why did you tell the missis that I was your sister, when you know I was n't?" remonstrated Ruth, as they trotted together through the green lane.

"How should I ha' got you in there, else?" demanded Tim triumphantly. "It was because the missis thought you *like me*, honest and bustling, that she hired you; but you ha' got to great prefarment all at once! The head place in all the house! But you were born with a silver spoon in your mouth, and I with a wooden one; and thof I'm glad you throve so well, Ruthey, in so short a time, yet, I must say, I should like to see a little more of you than I do. I do contrive to creep round at the back door, and hear your discourse, which is very 'cute and agreeable, but then I durst not put in a word for my life, and that is very hard, seeing as how we are sweethearts."

"*Sweethearts*, Tim!" cried Ruth, turning her bright eyes full upon him. "We ha' played together, many's the time, and many a kind turn you have done to little Ruthey, but who ever said we should *keep company* together? Never talk such nonsense to me again,"

"And won't you be my sweetheart, Ruth?" said the poor youth, his oblique eyes turning far away from her, although he intended they

should be fixed upon her face, and so, indeed, their vision was. "I never mean to have any other."

"I will be your *true*-heart, your friend, Tim, if I am not your *sweet*-heart; but I have other things within my mind besides making a fool of myself. Mother has told me many wonders," said Ruth very seriously.

"About *yourself*, Ruth?" enquired "Pepper and Salt," with a dejected voice; "I always expected to hear summat of that kind."

"I will tell you the very first, all about it, when mother gives me leave; but say nothing; no not a breath, to poor father; you might as well tell it to a sieve,—he can hold nothing, and that made mother go. Trouble ha' made him drink, you know, and drink ha' made him what I must not say."

"You'll ha' plenty of *company-keepers* offering, now you ha' got into the bar, and wear such fine clothes," said Tim, after a long pause, and sighing very deeply; "you'll soon forget poor 'Pepper and Salt.'"

"Never, whilst the breath's in my body!" cried the young girl, vehemently. "Do not torment me wi' such bad suspicions. I'm true, Tim, to the backbone, as father says; and I'll make you a gemman; that is, when I'm a lady,—and that may come to pass. Mother ha' read my hand, you know."

"I saw her yesternight," said Tim, brightening up a little; "I saw her creeping down, and watching like, in Squire Holt's grounds. She put me in mind of a hare squatting in her form."

"Whist, Tim, whist! — say nothing more about it. Every one must do their duty; mother is doing hers. But father is not in his smithy. No smoke in the chimney-top,—no hammer going on the anvil! Maybe he has drunk up all the ale-barrel, and is fallen asleep. Run, Tim, and see, for my heart beats as if it would break my stay-lace.

Away scampered the love-sick boy, and soon returned, saying that Hugh was perfectly sober, and was cleaning himself, as he expected a visit from his daughter. By the time she had come up to the smithy the blacksmith advanced out of the door to meet her.

"Can that be Ruth?" cried Hugh, gazing upon his child, who, in addition to her nice new frock and stockings, had got on a straw bonnet of Miss Lavinia's, trimmed with plum-coloured ribbon, and a small shawl belonging to the hostess of the Golden Lion,—both presented to her before she set off for her walk.

"Can that be my little Ruth, looking so smart, and like a lady?" again asked the delighted father. She sprang forward, and threw her arms round his neck; then, untying the sovereign from the corner of her shawl, she presented it to him, saying, "This is the *first* gold piece I have ever had, father, and I have brought it to you. How clean and fresh you look! Who blows the *bellies* now?"

"How came ye by this sovereign, Ruth?" asked the blacksmith, sternly.

"Honestly," said Tim, putting in his voice, "for I heard every word o' the bargain. She sang a song and *arned* it, and might ha had two, but she put t' other down again."

"What's bred in the bone is sure to come out of the flesh," said Hugh Fearncombe. "The sparrow is born brown, and the magpie

speckled ; so the voice of the mother will come out in the child. Well, no matter — so that she loves not the tankard, like her father. It has been the ruin of me, Ruth, and caused her death."

"It's not too late to larn, Father dear," said Ruth. "Buy yourself a new hat, stockings, and handkercher with that sovereign,—the *first* I ever gived you, but not the *last*. I must not stay, so walk wi' me through the lane back, a bit."

"She be made bar-maid," cried "Pepper and Salt," as they all three returned together, and then sat down for a few minutes on some logs of timber, lying like *dead bodies* on the Common—all their vitality gone. "I knew t'would be the making of her, going there!" said Tim, consequentially.

"Bar-maid!" cried Hugh Fearncombe, in a tone as if he did not like the sound of that term; "She'll larn to *drink*, and, and she'll be like her"——

"Whisht, father, dear," interrupted Ruth, placing her little hand over his mouth; "Where will ye buy the hat?"

Six months passed rapidly away at the Golden Lion, every day adding something to the ripening beauties of our heroine. Plenty of custom did her youthful charms, and the report of them far and near, bring to the jolly hostess of the Golden Lion. Every evening, nay all day long, was the young Squire Holt seen lounging about the house, or sipping his glass of negus in the bar. A privileged guest was he; but he could never get little Ruth to sing that song again to him, or hold any conversation with him. An unaccountable reserve stole over her manners to him and all; even to the rosy-cheeked Miss Lavinia, who returning home for the holy-days, conceived a romantic fancy for her mother's little bar-maid, and insisted on having her for a bed-fellow, and giving her a great portion of her finery: she even proposed that Ruth should accompany her the next half-year to school, when, at the end of it, her education would, she averred, be finished.

"What nonsense you talk, Vinny," said the fond mother on this request being urged by her only child, with much vehemence; "What use would French *and all that sort of thing* be to a poor girl without a shilling?"

"Poor girls should learn as well as rich ones, Mamma," replied the young lady; who was, it seems, without knowing it, a disciple of Lord Brougham. "Besides, she will not be poor long, depend upon it," she added. "Don't you see that Mr. Frank Holt is terribly in love with her? and young Palmer, the doctor? and even Mr. Evelyn himself; who asked me as we came out of Church together yesterday, "Who that beautiful young creature was who sat in our *parlour* lately, for that she looked like a Countess."

"Fiddle-de-dee," cried the mother, with a heightened colour on her cheek. "This comes of your reading so many novels. I dare say you imagine Ruth to be some great lady in disguise; and if you tell her so, you'll soon turn her head! Mr. Frank Holt, indeed! He, the heir of so much wealth, to fall in love with a blacksmith's daughter! Surely, if he has a mind to marry a little beneath him, *you* have a far better chance than such an uneducated girl as she."

"Is it true, Mamma, really, that Mrs. Holt, so very proud as she is,"



asked the plump young lady of her mother, "has asked me up to the Lodge next Thursday, 'with my friend Miss Ruth?' Those are her very words, in her fine card, all edged with gold? It is to be a ball, I hear. This is Mr. Frank's doing, and is all for Ruth's sake."

"You grow a bigger fool every minute you live," was the gratifying observation of Mrs. Metcalf to her accomplished daughter. "Of course it is in compliment to *you*, and the edication I have given you, that you are invited; and you must go, though I wish she had asked me too."

"I shall not accept her invitation, Mamma, unless my sweet Ruth goes with me," said the boarding-school young lady.

"Well, then, you must stay at home, Miss; and serve you right too. Mrs. Holt has no notion but what '*your friend*,' as she calls her, is some school-companion or other, come home to spend the vacation with you; she would never forgive me if I let my *bar-maid* go up to the Lodge as a visitor."

"Mr. Frank knows, Mamma, what Ruth is; and you know you heard him say, 'That he hoped *both* the young ladies would accept his mother's *invite*; and that he should do himself the honour of dancing with both of us.'"

"*Dancing*, indeed!" exclaimed the rosy landlady, throwing up her arms; "I should like to know what sort of a *dance* Ruth knows, except it was 'The Cat's Hornpipe,' or, 'The Gipsy Round-a-bout.' Say no more about it; but go over this morning and ask Mrs. Palmer, the doctor's mother, if she be going, and if she will take the trouble of *chapering* you, on that evening, as I am not invited, and you must be under the care, of course, of some married lady."

"I shall not go without Ruth," reiterated Miss Lavinia, with all proper degree of feminine firmness.

"I tell you the girl herself has too much sense to think of going there, whatever you may have; only ask her."

As Mrs. Metcalf had predicted, Ruth, with modest simplicity, said, "That balls were no places for her; and that as for going up to the Lodge, she should as soon think of having her head cut off."

Just then "Pepper and Salt" put his head in at the door, and called out in a suppressed voice, "Sister Ruth! I maun speak to you, in leave of Missis, this very minute."

"Is any thing the matter, Tim, that you look so white?" asked Mrs. Metcalf; but the youth had disappeared. Ruth went out in search of him, and then returned for her bonnet and shawl.

She was absent more than an hour, and had her bonnet on at her return; flushed was her cheek, and a strange light was in her eye. For the first time since she had been in the house, she broke a large rummer-glass, and poured out brandy for peppermint to a customer. "Never mind, Ruth, dear," cried the good-natured Miss Lavinia, looking up from her novel; "accidents will happen." I perceive you are agitated, and that you have met with an *adventure*. What was it? Tell us all about it."

"If you please, Ma'am," said Ruth, without noticing her attached friend, Miss Lavinia; "If you please, Ma'am, and you won't be offended at me, I have changed my mind; and should like to go up to the

Lodge on Thursday with Miss Vinny ; or even by myself, if she does not like to go."

"Well to be sure," cried Mrs. Metcalf; "what's in the wind now? Who have you seen, to persuade you to go since you went out? Was it your father, old Hugh Fearncombe? Perhaps he will go up with you, and introduce you?"

"Mamma, you should not *twit* her about her family," said Miss Lavinia, "for *ours*, you know, is not much to be boasted of."

"Was it your *father*, Ruth, who made you alter your mind?" asked the hostess, not choosing to hear the remonstrance of her daughter; "or was it Tim, your brother? He ought to be invited too." And there was pique in her whole manner.

"It was my *mother*, Ma'am, that has laid her commands upon me, to accept the invitation, and I dare not disobey her; I never did in my life," said Ruth.

There was something in this last observation that seemed to pacify Mrs. Metcalf very much, wounded as her vanity was that she had not been included in the invite.

"You have then seen your *mother*, Ruth! I thought she was far away," exclaimed the hostess.

"I have seen her every day since I lived here," was the simple answer; "but—" and the girl burst into tears, "I shall not see her long! She be very poorly! She will die."

"Every day! but when? How?" asked Mrs. Metcalf, almost incredulously.

"The first thing in the morning, Ma'am," said Ruth, "I always run up to Squire Holt's Plantations, to get her blessing."

"Squire Holt's Plantations? Is she at work there?" demanded the landlady.

"Yes; she has plenty of work to do up there just now," said Ruth, in a most peculiar tone of voice; "but she hopes to be *well paid* for it."

"There is not a gentleman in the land, that is half so good to the poor," observed Mrs. Metcalf, carelessly; "or so merciful to the gypsies, when they are brought up before him, for robbing the farmer's henroosts, or running away with a sucking pig. They are sure to get off when he sits upon the bench."

"I dare say the Squire knows what he is about," said Ruth, in her quiet but significant way. "The Gypsies are a very cunning set, I have heard mother say; and very few things go on in families, without *their* knowledge."

"I wish they could tell me why they have asked *you* to the Lodge, and not me?" cried Mrs. Metcalf pettishly; "not that I am a *grudging* woman, or have any malice to you about it; but it does seem so very odd."

"Ruth must wear one of my dancing-dresses, Mamma," said Miss Lavinia, with a patronising air; "and she can buy gloves and shoes herself, for she has some money now. I'll shew her how to dance the figures of the first set of quadrilles; and as for the Spanish dance, she can do that, I'm sure, already. Mrs. Palmer has promised to take me, and 'my friend,' as I called Ruth, under her wing; so that we have

nothing to do, but to take in a little in the waist my blue silk, and make it fit her, and to go out and buy what we want. I can wear my last new ball-frock of white gauze, So put on your bonnet, dear, and we will go out for our gloves and things."

"My daughter shall have a spick and span new dress, when she goes to so grand a place as the Lodge," exclaimed, with much pomposity, the really kind-hearted landlady, who in the thought of seeing her Lavinia attired in the "*very best*" (as all inn-keepers are sure to buy for their children to wear), forgot her own mortification.

"You shall have a white satin," said Mrs. Metcalf, after due consideration; "so go to Miss Perkins, and let her see to it immediately; I can trust her to make it *genteel*, for she has patterns every month from Paris, besides taking in 'The Ladies' Magazine.'"

"And may she alter my blue silk for little Ruth," asked the young lady; "she can do it better than if we botched it up at home; she can put some new satin ribbon for '*flyers*' to the sleeves, and a little new blonde round the bosom."

"Blonde, indeed!" exclaimed her mother, impatiently. "You are enough to provoke a saint. You will certainly turn the poor girl's head."

"Neither her head or her heart, my kind mistress," said Ruth, affectionately taking her hand; and who, naturally quick and apprehensive, had learned to speak much better English now than at her arrival at the Golden Lion. "I shall never forget how good you have been to the poor blacksmith's daughter, you and dear Miss Lavinia, who shall never repent her kindness."

"Well, well; I dare say, child, you have a very grateful heart," cried the landlady, much softened. "Now as you don't seem to have taken much of a fancy for Mr. Frank, and there is no accounting for tastes, as the old woman said when she curry-combed her pig, I should like my Vinny to be taken notice of by him, before all the gentry; so don't stand in her way."

"Law, Mamma! how you talk," said the young lady alluded to, blushing up to the eyes. "I'm sure I don't want Mr. Frank to dance with me."

"But I do," argued the mother, tossing up her head; "and I should think it very odd if he does not do so, and I such an old tenant of his father, and not behind-hand ever in rent! We will have up Mr. Saunders, to dress your hair, Vinny, for you; and you shall go up in a fly, which shall wait to bring you home. I suppose it must go down the town to take up Mrs. Palmer, must it not?"

"To be sure it must, Mamma; and that is the reason she promised to *chaperone us*; because it saves her the expense of paying for a carriage:" and the young lady was right.

"She knows that I can *afford* it better than she can," cried the buxom landlady, laughing quite triumphantly. "If you should marry well, Vinny, I mean to retire from the Golden Lion, for business is not what it has been; and these horrid railways quite cut up the posting-houses. It is well for us that I made hay when the sun shone, and so did your poor father. Plenty of shot in the locker."——

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"Fine feathers make fine birds." Who could have thought on seeing Lavinia Metcalf, and Ruth Fearncombe, step into the fly at the door of the inn, on their route to take up the doctor's mother, Mrs. Palmer, that one of them was the landlady's daughter, the other, —; but no matter. Nature had imprinted *aristocracy* upon the lowly girl in blue, who stepped in the last; that is, if beauty, grace, intellect, and high-bearing, may have a right to such a term. I cannot stop here to analyse the meaning of the word *aristocracy*, nor would my readers thank me for the delay.

Poor "Pepper and Salt!" tears stood in his eyes, as he watched the "young ladies" getting into the vehicle: and although Ruth called to him with the sweetest voice in the world, and whispered him, "*to be sure and mind all he had been told,*" she could not get a smile in return. "I ha' no chance o' forgetting," was his short answer; not given doggedly, or flippantly, as most pot-boys speak, but emphatically, mournfully; and he actually turned away, and wiped a tear from his squinting eyes.

On the road to the Lodge, which stood about a mile from the town of I——, and on that side where the Golden Lion was situated, which they had to repass when they had taken up the old lady in her brown satin dress and cap, made by Miss Perkins, the head milliner of the place, they saw Mrs. Metcalf, looking out from one of the bar windows, and Tim Bassett close to the tap-room door, with a folded paper in his hand; he darted towards the carriage, at the side where Ruth was sitting, and thrust it into her hand. She tore it open, and shading it so that the others should not gather a word of its contents, she read as follows:—

"I shall be up at the Lodge to help the servants; they will lend me an old livery, so you may find me out. I shall see you dance, Miss Ruth, and shall be ready to do you good if you want me. Your mother be very bad: but in high spirits: she will see you too.—From one who would die to sarve you."

"That's true enough," sighed Ruth Fearncombe to herself, tearing the note to pieces, and throwing the fragments out of the window; "but I cannot think of him now;" and she fell back in a deep fit of abstraction.

"You have been up to the Lodge many a time, I suppose, Mrs. Palmer?" asked Miss Lavinia, who had never had that honour.

"I believe so," answered the old lady, bridling up, "Yes; years before you were born. I know every crick and cranny about the new house, and the old one too, for the matter of that, which stands like a ruin behind it."

"Have they a fine ball-room in the modern house?" enquired the daughter of mine hostess. "I suppose so: they are so immensely rich; but there goes Mr. Evelyn, the young parson, and walking, too! I suppose he has got his dancing-pumps in his pockets! Shall we ask him in, Mrs. Palmer? and give him a lift; there is one seat vacant."

"O pray do," cried Ruth Fearncombe, with an animation and glowing cheek, that drew a laugh from her kind young mistress, who slyly said in a whisper, "Is *that* the way the wind blows? You have not been to church for nothing."

The check-string was pulled, and Mrs. Palmer, with all the dignity of

a chaperone, very politely requested Mr. Evelyn to take the vacant seat, which he was not slow in doing; and there was a look of intelligence, passed between him and "the blacksmith's daughter," which appeared perfectly incomprehensible to the other two. Lavinia felt a little offended, as she thought there was a deficiency of *confidence* on the part of her protegee; so she continued her enquiries of the old lady, without speaking a word to Ruth, who was evidently looking out for some one on the road, and actually put her head out and nodded to some apparition or other in Squire Holt's grounds, that no one else perceived.

"Tim Bassett, I suppose, is looking about to see you again," cried Miss Lavinia, rather spitefully; thinking it would rather mortify Ruth, to mention him before the young clergyman, and feeling that she deserved it.

"No, Miss Vinny; it was my mother," was the calm and simple answer. "I trust she will not catch cold to-night."

"Is she a visitor at the Lodge, Miss?" asked Mrs. Palmer, who had not the slightest notion in what relationship Ruth stood with regard to the Metcalfs.

"Only in the grounds, Madam," answered Ruth. "But you were talking about the Lodge; have they not a very fine library there?"

"You must ask Mr. Evelyn that question," answered Mrs. Palmer. "I believe a near relative of his collected the books, and arranged them. You often go up and read them, do you not, reverend sir?"

"I have permission to do so, certainly," said the gentleman rather coldly; "and have a master key, which I have been allowed to retain ever since my poor —; but we are arrived."

Mrs. Palmer insisted on it that both the girls should take her arms, and literally under her *wings* did they enter the splendid rooms, gaily illuminated and made ready for the reception of the numerous guests, now fast assembling from all the country round; and certainly the company did not appear over select. Mrs. Holt was immediately presented to Miss Lavinia and Ruth, by Mr. Frank; the latter of whom she eyed with a most scrutinising glance, whilst the son, with the most flattering attention, solicited her hand for the second set of quadrilles, lamenting that he had been obliged from etiquette only, more than inclination, to stand up with Miss Grimshawe, the daughter of the member of their own borough.

"I shall find amusement enough without dancing," said Ruth, with a smile that had something of ambiguity in it; "and I should prefer to —to look on; for, indeed, Madam, I have never learned to dance; but this young lady, my kind friend, knows all about it, so you can dance with her, Mr. Frank."

"No doubt," said Mrs. Holt; a very imperious and vulgar woman, much chagrined at the quiet manner in which her darling son had been refused. "No doubt, or with any other woman in the room." Then, checking herself, she added with a hypocritical tone, "It is of no use concealing it, but Frank would rather lead you out, Miss, than any one here. You have quite turned the head of my poor son; but here comes his father. My dear, this is the, the pretty little, daughter of—of—."

"Hugh Fearncombe, Madam, who has a smithy on Moulsey Common," said Ruth, interrupting her. "You knew him, I believe, many

years ago, sir?" and she turned her refulgent eyes full upon the little consequential gentleman, who was the host upon the present occasion.

"Knew him!" repeated Mr. Holt, taken by surprise; "Yes, yes; I certainly knew your father formerly. Pray how is he?"

"As well as a broken-down mind can let him," said Ruth, turning aside to Mr. Evelyn, who, new acquaintance as he seemed to be, whispered something in her ear, to which she assented, whatever it was, and placing herself by the side of Mrs. Palmer, she said, archly enough, "Miss Metcalf will be happy, Mr. Frank, to be my substitute." What would a young gentleman reply? He bowed and engaged himself to the blooming Lavinia, who looked all ecstasy.

Mr. Evelyn scarcely ever danced, so he sat down and chatted with our young Ruth, even after Mrs. Palmer had engaged herself at a whist-table, leaving her in charge of the young clergyman; but seeing a gentleman with whom he wished to speak, he begged permission to cross the room, and accost him: on his return, Ruth had vanished.

With the restlessness of a pre-occupied mind, Mr. Evelyn sought every corner of the elegant suite of rooms: the card-room, the music-room, and the refreshment-room, but he could catch no glimpse of the pale blue silk, with *flyers*, that encircled his little sylph; and he became uneasy.

And where *was* she, the blacksmith's daughter, all this time? Like a mighty magician, I wave my wand, and lo you behold her!

With a taper in her hand, she is gliding along, with stealthy step, the great staircase, and, passing one or two staring footmen, who were wondering where on earth she was going, but did not like to inquire. On she goes, with unfaltering and rapid step, and takes her way towards a certain door on the ground-floor, and taking a key from her bosom, she unlocks it, enters the room, and fastens it in the inside. Of course, we, like invisible spirits, all perceiving, are there with her!

What seeks that young and agile being, in that apartment, in which splendidly-bound books formed the principal ornament? It was the library. In one corner stood a superb Indian cabinet. Ruth is ransacking its drawers. See, she has brought out from a secret recess, an ebony box, studded with silver—with a short cry of joy, she has read an engraving on the top of it. The window is thrown open instantly, by her small round arm, and she has thrown that stolen prize out into the grass-plot, or lawn on the outside. Hark! she is speaking! What says she to the one beneath, who has received it—"Fly, Tim Bassett! Fly with this to my mother, and tell her *it is done*."

Like a timid hare, Ruth now unlocks again the door, and is ascending the staircase; but meets the master of the house, who with a stern voice and much trepidation of manner, asks her where she has been prowling, like a Gypsy as she was, through his house?

"To your library, sir; or rather to my own," answered the blacksmith's daughter, with a kindling eye, but extreme coolness of manner. "My grandfather's will is in the hands of his child; and the law will give her up her own!"

"Seize this vagabond; this robber; this prowling thief!" cried Mr. Holt. "Let her be searched immediately." Nothing but a key was



found about her, and that she scrupulously contended was the one that Mr. Evelyn owned.

All the house was in confusion. On entering the library it was found that papers of the utmost consequence had been abstracted from the Indian cabinet; one of the doors of which had been left open. Horror and dismay were painted on the countenance of Mr. Holt, senior; who had formerly been a solicitor, but had retired from business with an immense fortune. Orders were given that every servant and helper should be searched; and Mr. Frank, partaking the anxiety of his father, had discovered Tim Bassett lurking about the grounds, in an old cast livery.

On seeing poor "Pepper and Salt" so severely handled, Ruth turned as pale as death; but nothing was discovered on his person. Nothing could be extracted from him but that "he had done his duty; he wished every body had done the same!" But what was the agony of Ruth when her mother, dressed in tattered weeds, was dragged into the house. She had been found concealed near the library-window, and was immediately accused of having concealed the papers somewhere or other in the Plantations. Flambeaux and lanterns were immediately in requisition; all the gentlemen of the party—all the servants, went out in search of them, as they were told of their importance, and their loss. The mother of Ruth, an extremely pretty but emaciated female, seemed in a dreadful state of alarm, and Ruth caught the infection from her countenance; but Tim Bassett behaved most valiantly. He looked defiance and security; so much so, indeed, that the other suspected persons, Ruth, and her almost fainting mother, caught at some hope from him, but dared not question him.

As for Miss Lavinia, she behaved nobly during all this trying scene; and indignantly disclaimed the idea that "*her friend* could have acted ill or dishonestly; and she thought it very hard and *ungentle* that they should be invited up there to be insulted. Mr. Evelyn, too, though he had some suspicions, still was very staunch, and insisted on it that the fly should be ordered to the door, and that he should see the young ladies home, as Mrs. Palmer chose to join in the cry against Ruth, and go into a sort of fit, because she had been so unfortunate as to have the charge of a girl who had confessed she had been prowling about the house and library alone, no doubt for some dark purpose.

"My mother goes wherever I go," said Ruth, fondly supporting the weak, and almost dying woman. "Dear Lavinia, dare you take her home to your good and kind parent?"

"It will not be for long," said the poor creature, very faintly.

"We have plenty of beds in the Golden Lion," said Miss Lavinia firmly; "and my mother will not grudge one of them to any relation of yours."

"They shall all be detained," vehemently cried out the half frantic Mr. Holt, returning from the useless search.

"I will be the bail for their appearance," said Mr. Evelyn; "but I see not how you can bring any thing home, either to the mother or daughter; they have both been searched, and nothing has been found upon them, in the least to criminate them."

"Ruth! dear Ruth!" said Miss Lavinia to her companion, the moment they had got into the carriage with Mr. Evelyn, and the exhausted

creature, who was her mother; "What is the meaning of all this? I would not own it *there*, but your conduct has been most extraordinary."

"I cannot answer your doubts now, Miss Lavinia," said Ruth, with dignity. "You must have *faith* in me, and all shall be explained. Mother, what have you done with the papers?"

"I have never had them," answered the poor woman, gasping for breath. "Either the boy is false to me, or they are lost."

"Tim Basset is as true as the sun!" said Ruth, fervently. "Have no doubts of him; he caught the box from me; and my life in it, they are safe."

"O no, no, no!" cried the despairing creature; "he has failed, and all my watchings and my labours for months, aye, for years past, are gone for nothing; I have nothing now to do, but to die!"

"It was a bold scheme," said Mr. Evelyn; "and I always feared it could not be carried into execution; still we must not lose hope. But, Miss Metcalf; are you quite certain that your mother will take in Ruth's mother?"

"She will; she shall!" said the young girl. "But surely that is Tim Bassett standing there, out of breath, at our door; perhaps he can tell us more."

"O Tim!" cried Ruth Fearncombe, springing out of the carriage, and rushing towards him; "what have you done with my mother's papers? You knew not their importance."

"Hush! not so loud;" said "Pepper and Salt." "I am not such a fool as you think me. Let yon young parson go first, before I speak; and let your mother be put to bed, for she be very bad."

"The only way to comfort her is to tell her that the papers are safe," cried Ruth. "They will search every nick and corner in the morning. Will they fall into their hands? They must find them."

"Not if they hunt for them till the end of the world. Send that chap away, and I'll own the truth," said Tim. "I rode home at the back of the chaise, he in the inside; but *he* has not served you half so much as I have."

"Never mind that," answered Ruth, "you are both willing to do me good, and God will reward you for it."

"I would rather by far have my reward from *you*," said "Pepper and Salt," doggedly; "but I see how it will end. The parson will have the reward."

"And you too, my good, kind Tim," cried Ruth, with ardour, as she took the rugged hand of the pot-boy; "but do not tease me now. My beloved mother is dying, I much fear, and surely you will not refuse to comfort her."

"Bless your sweet face, Ruth Fearncombe," said the youth, bursting into tears. "You must get up early in the morning;—no, not to-morrow, that will be too soon,—and yet, now I think of it, they will lie in bed there then later than they be used,—so it is best to-morrow."

"What must I get up for, Tim? And what must I do?" asked the young girl, breathlessly.

"I can't tell you here, Ruthey darling!" cried the youth, "for walls they says, has ears. You must rise at the first blink o' morning, before the sun comes out o' his nightcap. Meet me here, and I'll

“speak to you upon the road. You can trust me, I hope ! But tell your mother I be true. You can trust me ?”

“With my life, my everything !” said the fervent girl, clasping his hand passionately.

“With all but your own sweet self,” cried “Pepper-and-Salt” reproachfully ; “and yet yon parson-man would not *go down into a well* for ye, over head and ears, as I shall do, wi’ God’s blessing, in the morning,”—and Tim Bassett ran off with tears streaming from his eyes.

“Down into a well for me !” repeated Ruth. “Oh, I know all about it now !” and she returned to the house.

Lavinia Metcalf had carried all before her at the Golden Lion. She always did where her mother was concerned. The mother of Ruth, during the late conversation between Tim Bassett and his beloved, had been supported upstairs by Mr. Evelyn and Miss Metcalf, and put into a comfortable bed, whilst the worthy landlady went and mixed her a good strong glass of port wine negus, and made her drink it. Ruth could only take her hand and bless her. She repeated the same benediction to the young clergyman as he departed, with the whispered communication of “They are all safe, sir, and I shall put them into *your* hands to-morrow.”

“And I will then away with them to London by the mail, dear Ruth,” said Mr. Evelyn, “and have the best professional advice upon them. I will see your mother and yourself righted.”

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“But if the water in the well should be *deep*, my dear Tim, how can you get to the bottom of it, to pick up the box you threw down there ?” enquired Ruth Fearncombe, as she let down the bucket, with “Pepper-and-Salt” crouched down in it, at about half-past four o’clock the next morning. Neither of the two had been in bed, only they had changed their clothes, and brought a small bundle of dry ones, for Tim to change when he came up from his perilous descent.

“I have dropped a stone down,” answered Tim, “and it does not sound *very* deep ; but Ruth, dearest, when you find the bucket has touched the bottom, draw me up immediately, or I may be drowned. I can go down again, you know, if I do not find it the first time.”

“I will not let out all the rope, until I know how deep the water is,” said Ruth, winding the bucket up again. “Get out a minute, and let me send it down without you. We shall be able to see how much of the rope is wetted, and judge by that if it is safe for you to do it.”

“You would not like to see me drowned, then, Miss Ruth ?” asked Tim, still hanging over the mouth of the well.

“No ; not to gain my mother’s papers,” answered Ruth ; “not to have all my fortune.”

“Bless you, for that speech,” said Tim ; “then I do not wish to drown ;” and he stepped out upon the margin of the well.

“And *did* you then before ?” asked the young girl.

“God forgive me, an’ I did,” said the youth, “and to meet my death too by your own hands. I see there is full twenty feet o’ water in the well, and I never should ha’ come up alive, but you would ha’ had your papers, and my dead body fished up together, by some means or other.”



which may be above my skill, by the young, clever parson; perhaps he would ha' gotten us both up."

"Oh, Tim, was that your intention?" said poor Ruth, wringing her hands, and throwing herself upon her knees, as she exclaimed, "I thank thee, God, for this mercy! We must think of some other way."

"I ha' found it," cried Tim Basset, running off at full speed towards an outhouse at some distance, and returning with a rake, fork, and a long pole he had rummaged out from the gardener's tool-house.

"We must tie these together," said Tim, "and very tight too. I ha' got a piece of cord in my pocket, and that will serve for one. Ruth, hand us your garters, dear,—those I brought you from the fair. I never has none to wear."

Ruth ran a little way off, and soon brought back the red and white knitted garters; with these the whole apparatus was completed; and again "Pepper-and-Salt" took his station in the bucket, brandishing in his hand this long clumsy machine, the head of the rake downwards.

Slowly went down the bucket. Ruth felt when it touched the water, and stayed it there; the machine was let down by Tim, and in about a minute he exclaimed, "The rake ha' found it, Ruth, if it will be but true to us. I ha' got it up agin the side o' the well.—Dang it! it is down again. 'Tis truer now! There, up it comes! I see it as plain as day. I ha' got it—I ha' got it in the bucket! Wind up, Ruth,—never mind the rake and fork, let them go to the bottom. You can get them up whenever you likes."

Catching up the bundle, and seizing Ruth's hand—she carrying the important box—away they scampered; but Tim soon had the sense of suggesting that they had better put the latter inside the bundle, lest they should meet any one; and it is well they did so, for no sooner were they out of the grounds, when young Mr. Frank came cantering after them, and immediately stopped them, looking at both most suspiciously.

"Whither away, so fast, young woman?" said he, "and you, Master Vagabond, where are you going with that bundle?" His love for Ruth seemed all evaporated by the scene of last night.

"If you must know, Master Squire," answered Tim, who was not over-nice with regard to truth, when falsehood suited him better: "If you must know other people's business more than your own, that halloo-be-loo last night, up at your place, ha' been the ruin o' my fellow-servant here; missis has turned her out of doors, and I be helping carrying her things home to her dad's, the blacksmith."

"What is become of the gipsy woman?" enquired Mr. Frank, "I have some business with her that's worth the hearing."

"Where should you think o' finding a woman but with her husband?" said Tim, sharply. "She be the wife of Hugh Fearncombe." And they proceeded a little way down the lane leading to the common; the young Squire galloped past them, and then they turned back, proceeded down the town, and went straight to Mr. Evelyn's house.

Now does my pen want to travel at full railway-speed, even at the very highest pressure of the steam,—the mighty steam! I surrender it up to its guidance, that is to the machine set a-going by steam-power. Only see at what a rate we travel! Years fly past us like elm trees; circumstances like stacks of chimneys. We shall be at the end of our

journey in a minute, and shall have a hot rumpsteak with Reading-sauce and a glass of Madeira before we go to bed.

Mr. Holt was a lawyer, and that is saying all in a minute. Hugh Fearncombe was the elder brother of Mr. Evelyn, and being, when a boy, of a roving disposition, had run off to sea, and changed his name. When he returned, years after, he found his father dead; his younger brother, Mr. Evelyn, at college; and the little sister he had left at home, spirited away, they said, by gipsies. Mr. Holt was left executor, and produced a will he said old Mr. Evelyn had made in his favour, leaving his fortune, estates and all to himself, except two thousand pounds, which he bequeathed to his youngest son, our clergyman aforesaid.

This was sad news, indeed, for the elder son, poor Hugh; he took to drinking and strolling about with a gang of gipsies; and there he became acquainted with young Alice, his lost sister, whom he recognised, by some means, and insisted on taking her home to live with him in the smithy, he set up, he said, for her sake.

Weak and infirm of purpose was poor Hugh; he was always plotting how to get his rights again, for he was assured that the will was a forged one; but he drowned all his purposes and cares in ale, and then, when under its influence, would abuse and illtreat his hapless sister, who had unfortunately formed a connection with a farmer's son, who had clandestinely married her, and then forsook her to please his parents.

In the smithy of her uncle Hugh, not her father, was poor Ruth born, and he insisted on being called father by the child, and husband by the mother, to conceal he argued, in his half-human state of mind, occasioned by perpetual intoxication, what he was pleased to call "the shame of his sister," although she had the certificate of her marriage with her, and was constantly shewing it to him. His character seemed brutified by liquor.

Poor Alice had gained many of the gipsies' habits, and loved to prowl about the country, and sleep under the hedges in summer; when she returned to him in the winter, Hugh always beat her with a bridle, and made her blow the bellows of the smithy fire. On one of her occasional outbreaks, she contrived to overhear a conversation between Mr. Holt and his confidential clerk, in which she learned that old Mr. Evelyn had made a will in favor of his daughter Alice (herself) and her heirs, should she ever again turn up; and that Mr. Holt had, with that indiscretion which vice often shews, neglected to burn it.

"What can induce you to keep that cursed document?" cried the clerk, now grown into the master, and as insolent as he could be. "Should it ever be found out it will hang both of us. Let it be burned immediately."

"It shall—it shall, Marshall," answered Mr. Holt; "but I don't know how it is, I grow sadly nervous whenever I approach that cabinet in the library; it seems as if the ghost of old Evelyn was always standing before it, to defend his child's rights"

"Pshaw!" cried the insolent Marshall; "let us make a bonfire of the ebony box and its contents this very night; for I have strong suspicions, that the daughter lives somewhere hereabouts, and is the wife of the old drunken blacksmith upon the common—his name is Hugh Fearncombe."

"Not to-night, Marshall,—not to-night; but it shall be seen to," answered Holt. And the woman heard no more—but it was enough for her; and what she did has been told also, and how she instructed Ruth must, in some measure, be surmised.

Short work had Mr. Evelyn in proving the will of his late father; for it was properly attested. To Alice and her heirs he left all his property, except a legacy of five thousand pounds to his eldest son, Hugh, and five to his younger one, besides the living, which was an advowson in the family.

Down came the ejectment to Mr. Holt; and like a flash of lightning was he carried off to answer for his forgery. But they do not *hang* for these matters now-a-days.

Great was the joy of poor "Pepper-and-Salt" on finding that the dreaded young parson was Ruth's uncle, and greater still was his delight when she told him, "That he who had risked his life for her good, was the only one that should share her fortune with her."

Tim Bassett has changed his name for Evelyn, and has bought a couple of auburn-coloured wigs of the most approved fashion, and looks quite a different being from what he did; although the slight obliquity of his eyes cannot be remedied, still, as the beams of affection are ever darting from them, Ruth, with her bright and beautiful ones, returns the glance. Their education, also, has been much attended to.

The elder Mr. Evelyn,—or rather Hugh Fearncombe, as he is known to us,—lives with his niece, and has left off drinking. He employs his time in repairing the old castle at the back of the modern Lodge, belonging to the Evelyns; and when it is finished, the family mean to inhabit it, and pull down all remembrance of Mr. Holt's false taste, and forget his dishonesty.

Miss Lavinia and her mother reside wholly with Mrs. Evelyn and her devoted Tim Bassett. The Golden Lion is kept by other people; but it is reported, that, notwithstanding the disgrace of his father, and his enforced absence from Old England, the son, Mr. Frank, will soon lead to the altar the daughter of the good-natured landlady. She always liked him, and her thousands will be acceptable to him.

In travelling some time ago, over Salisbury Plain, the leading circumstances of this wild tale were told to me, and the identical smithy pointed out, situated at the edge of a common, bordering the Plain. We also changed horses at the Golden Lion, and I verily believe this tale is true, but Time has spread a thick vapour over some of its features. It is well recollected by many, and all the actors in this strange history are, with the exception of Ruth's mother, who has lately died in a decline, still living; no one is more beloved and respected than Mr. Timothy Evelyn and his beautiful wife, "*The Blacksmith's Daughter.*"

## A VISIT TO A MAD-HOUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHYSIC AND PHYSICIANS."

"Mark the fix'd gaze, the wild and frenzied glare,  
The racks of thought, and freezings of despair!"

I HAVE a singular *penchant* for mad people and lunatic asylums. The only way in which I can account for its existence is, from the circumstance of my having manifested in early life a strong bias for



metaphysical investigations. Every work which I could obtain possession of, relating to mental philosophy, I devoured with great avidity. I was not allowed, however, to follow, unopposed, my own predilections. Instead of studying "Locke on the Human Understanding," I was told that I ought to be making myself conversant with "Thompson's Dispensatory"—that in the place of Stewart, Reid, Cudworth, and Brown, I ought to substitute Cullen, Fife, and Cooper. But, alas! I had a soul above rhubarb and rheumatism, and had no great ambition to commit to memory the "Nosology," or to learn the processes and foramina of the sphenoid bone; and, in defiance of those who considered themselves authorised to direct my mind into a proper course of study, I persisted in gratifying my early inclination for the abstruse. It is some satisfaction to me that I see no reasons for regretting the course I pursued.

It is very questionable whether we are ever justified in opposing the bias of the mind towards any branch of knowledge, provided that the tendency is directed to a good object. The intellect cannot be *forced* out of its natural channel without inflicting on it a certain degree of injury. It is maintained by an ancient philosopher, and there is much truth in the doctrine, that every individual is born with a particular genius, and that its developement depends upon his being placed in alliance with circumstances likely to call it into active existence. It is of course presumed that the physical organisation is healthy. It is evident that the author of the "Pleasures of the Imagination" entertained this opinion, for he correctly observes—

" Since the claims  
Of social life to different labours urge  
The active powers of man, with wise intent  
The hand of Nature on peculiar minds  
Imprints a different bias, and to each  
Decrees its province in the common toil."

It is not my object on this occasion, to enumerate the particular advantages which resulted from following the natural bent of my feelings; but I may say, without exposing myself to the imputation of egotism, that my psychological studies were productive of much good.

Having exhibited an early taste for the study of the mind in its healthy state, it was to be expected, when I entered upon the active duties of professional life, that I should feel a pleasure in investigating the condition of the mind in its diseased manifestations. Such was the fact. How accurately can I recal to my recollection the pleasure as well as the *delight* I experienced on my first introduction to a mad patient! In the dreams of my boyhood how often had my imagination pictured such a being! and to be placed *tête-à-tête* with a man really insane was the *ne plus ultra* of my ambition. My first mad patient! What extasy (*professional*, of course), I feel in conjuring up to my remembrance that poor unhappy mortal! I was not eighteen when first summoned to attend a man represented to have exhibited indications of mental derangement. I was in my noviciate at the time. The surgeon with whom I was living was

ill, and I had the pleasing duty of preventing a portion of *his Majesty's* subjects (we were not then under petticoat government) from leaving the world in the "natural way." I had to visit and physic the patients, and I can assure my readers that I acted in a spirit of true English hospitality in the distribution of the delicacies of the "*Materia Medica*." No one had to complain of not having a plentiful supply of medicine. The poor "doctor's boy" never was worked so hard as when I had him under control. Many minutes were not allowed to elapse before I was at the bedside of the patient. I found him labouring under a violent paroxysm of *MANIA*. He went apparently well to the theatre, to witness the opera of *Der Freischutz*, and returned a maniac! As the case was of a critical character, and not wishing to incur the whole responsibility of it, I called in an eminent city physician, (the late Dr. Thomas Davies), and, after a short consultation, the patient was undergoing the operation of phlebotomy. The "usual treatment" was adopted, and the violent symptoms subdued, but the patient remained insane. As it was not thought prudent to allow him to remain all night by himself, I courageously volunteered to be his companion. Never shall I forget *that night*. Talk of animal magnetism, in union with Power's\* "*Metallic Current*," and "*Mutual Understanding*," or of the "*Evil Eye*"! the effects of both combined could not have equalled the terrific influence to which I was exposed for nearly ten hours! The patient slept in a large bed-room. A glimmering taper shed its faint glare through the sombre chamber. The minute I entered the room, the patient rivetted his eyes upon me, and never relaxed the whole of the night. In vain I attempted to escape from his gaze. Wherever I moved his bright eyes followed me. He did not sleep a wink; and it was fruitless for me to attempt to court "nature's sweet restorer." Glad, indeed, I was when morning dawned. *Then* I flattered myself that I should be allowed quietly to depart. The result proved that I had been too sanguine in my anticipations. My mad friend was not disposed to part on easy terms. On my attempting to leave the room, he darted like a shot from his bed, ran to the fire-place, seized the poker, and, with the fury of a demon, rushed towards me! My movements were too quick for him. In the twinkling of an eye I was out of the room, down the stairs, and into the street, thanking my stars I had escaped with a whole skull. This case, instead of giving me a distaste for lunatics, made me more zealous in my desire to become intimately acquainted with the "walks and wanderings" of a perverted imagination.

I have now let the reader into the secret of my fondness for madmen and mad-houses. In order to gratify this ambition I have visited most of our public and private lunatic asylums, and the result of *one visit* it is the object of this paper to detail.

Owing to the kindness of a friend I was introduced to the surgeon of one of our first private establishments, and was permitted to wander through the wards, holding "sweet converse" with the unfortunate inmates. All the arrangements, both external and in-

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\* Vide Power's "Last Legs."

ternal, for the comfort of the patients, were on a scale of true magnificence. Everything that was considered likely to promote recovery was had recourse to—no expense was spared.

On entering one of the wards, my attention was directed to a man who fancied himself the Emperor of the whole world. He was not satisfied with one or two kingdoms, but he maintained that he was literally the king of kings. He marched up and down the ward with great pomp and dignity, and it was seldom he deigned to notice any of the other patients. Whenever the surgeon wished to communicate with the pseudo-monarch he was compelled to address him as his majesty, otherwise he would hold no conversation with him. This man had been confined in the asylum for three years, and no abatement of his delusion had taken place. He was considered very harmless, and was allowed to wander *ad libitum* over the grounds. Going up to his majesty, I said, "Perhaps your majesty would like to go out of this place?" He stared at me steadily for a minute, and said, "Are you my commander-in-chief?" and with an indignant toss of the head he strutted off, evidently offended at the question I had asked.

My notice was next directed to a man exhibiting an expression on his countenance of deep anguish and distress. He appeared misery personified. As we approached him, he, with a most piteous look, and in a tone of voice which went to one's heart, said, addressing the surgeon, "When am I to go out of this horrid place? Pray let me go! my heart is breaking! I cannot remain here much longer; *it will drive me mad!*" The surgeon looked at me and smiled, and observed, in a whisper, you will see presently in what condition his mind is. Turning to the patient, he said, "Has the princess been here this morning?" "She took breakfast with me," was the immediate reply. "Why does she not release you from this place?" "The devils won't let her," said the patient. "The one chained to my bed, who sits on me all night, declares that I must not be released until the day of judgement." After the lapse of a few minutes he again, in a beseeching tone, asked the doctor to release him from the dominion of devils. Leaving this unfortunate creature, we approached a man whose expression was a little more pleasing than that of the last patient. Coming up to us, he held out his hand to me, and said, "How are you, my dear fellow? Come to see me at last; I thought you had quite forgotten me." I shook him cordially by the hand, at which he appeared pleased. "How is my wife and family?" he asked, continuing his conversation. "Have you seen them lately?" I said I had not had that pleasure. "Oh! I suppose you have been building St. Paul's. It will be a fine building; dangerous work, though. Mind what you are about, or (he said, with a cunning wink of the eye) our little queen will be down upon you." He appeared very happy in his mind, if I may judge from his conversation. I had some difficulty in parting with him. I gained my release on promising to see him soon again. I next visited a man whose delusion consisted in his fancying himself metamorphosed into his satanic majesty. "I am the devil," he said, when he saw us advancing towards him;



"you know, sir, I am the devil, and you are my evil spirits. Ha! ha! ha! You do my bidding, don't ye? Ha! ha! ha! I control everything; the sun, moon, stars, obey my mandate,—I move the world. How are you?" said the devil, stretching his hand towards me; "I am glad to see you. All things go on well, don't they? Spirits of the vasty deep, arise! Now they come! Ha! ha! ha! How they dance—disappear!" This man had the most awful expression I ever saw on a human countenance: it was really devilish. I was informed that he had been charged with having committed a heinous crime, but was acquitted. This preyed much on his mind, and gave rise to the strange delusion which embittered his life. Everything that humanity could suggest was done for this patient; but his disease was placed beyond the reach of art. He was one of the most noisy patients in the asylum, and he was consequently often placed in the dark room, until his excitement was subdued. I was much amused at two patients who followed closely at my heels, and who attentively listened to the conversation which I had with my friend the devil. They appeared much diverted with the account he gave of himself, and laughed heartily at his odd delusion. Addressing myself to one of them, I said, "I think he must be mad." "Mad! Can you for a moment doubt it? He disturbs us very much, and I think he ought to be removed." How often do we see a lunatic with a clear conception of the madness of others, without the slightest consciousness of his own aberration!

Perhaps one of the most curious cases I saw on this occasion, was that of a man who fancied himself constantly engaged in the field of battle. He was an old soldier, and had distinguished himself in the Peninsular campaign. His occupation during his confinement in the asylum consisted in firing off imaginary pieces of cannon and muskets, and in marching and counter-marching up and down the ward. His extremely ludicrous observations, when he considered that his operations had been successful, excited the risible faculties of those who were confined with him, and who were on other points as mad as himself. A monomaniac, who fancied himself the Duke of Wellington, with whom I had a long conversation, observed to me, whilst we were watching the movements of the old soldier, "What a fool he is! How dreadful is his condition! It is sheer madness; these tricks ought to be put a stop to." Addressing myself to his grace the Duke of Wellington, I said, "Do you recollect this man! Was he with your grace at Waterloo?" The lunatic placed his hand on his forehead, as if endeavouring to recal former impressions to his recollection, and replied, "I think I do remember him. He was a brave fellow; but I always considered him (touching significantly his head) wrong in this quarter; but I will do my best for him, and you may depend upon my taking every care of him."

On asking the surgeon whether he had any patients in the house whose derangement consisted in a perversion of the moral principle, he smiled and shook his head. In a conversation I afterwards had with him, he told me that such a species of insanity was

not recognised, neither would they admit a patient of that description into the asylum. An application had been made some years previously to the physician whom he succeeded, on behalf of a young woman, who had suddenly manifested a total change in her moral habits and feelings. The *intellect* was sound, and the derangement consisted in a vitiated state of the moral principle. No medical men would sign a certificate of her insanity, and her friends had to do the best they could for her themselves. It is to Dr. Mayo that the profession and the public owe a deep debt of gratitude for pointing out the close relationship existing between insanity and a perversion of the moral constitution.

In establishing this theory, and in bringing it practically to bear, much prejudice is yet to be overcome. The theory of moral insanity may be pronounced one of the most important medical doctrines broached in this country since Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood. The time cannot be far distant, before the public and profession will admit the possibility of there existing an insanity consisting exclusively in a moral aberration, where the intellect remains perfectly sane. The connection between vicious actions and physical derangement has sadly been overlooked in our medical investigations. We confine a person who fancies himself a king, a lump of butter, or a Dutch cheese, and we allow a man, whose every action is directed towards evil, to wander about with impunity. It may be said, if you admit that vicious conduct may be the consequence of physical disease, how are you to draw the line of demarcation between actions which ought to be amenable to the law, and those which place the individual beyond legal jurisdiction, in consequence of the suspension of the freedom of the will? The difficulty we admit to be great, but certainly not more so than that which we experience every day, in tracing the line which separates actual derangement of the intellect from those habits of the mind which are the result of eccentricity. For all practical purposes we can effect the latter object, and surely when the shades and varieties of moral derangement are made a subject of study, the difficulties which now environ the subject will in a great measure vanish.

I may be accused of broaching a doctrine which, if carried into operation, would become subversive of all civil liberty. This objection is based on the assumption, that medical men will not act with that degree of caution and prudence which would be necessary in order to form a correct judgment in such cases.

I had a conversation with an elderly gentlemanly-looking man, who considered that he was the legitimate heir to the throne of France. He appeared quiet and harmless; but the surgeon afterwards assured me that occasionally he became the most desperate and violent patient in the house. Two years ago, in one of his fits of excitement, he seriously wounded a keeper, who was dressing him. He was next day overheard conversing with another lunatic, as to what would be done to him if the keeper should die from the effects of the injury. He said, "Oh! I shall escape; *I was not in my right senses.*" A fact of a similar kind is mentioned by Dr. Perfect. When Martin attempted to burn down York

Minster, a conversation took place in a neighbouring asylum as to what kind of punishment he would have inflicted upon him. One lunatic maintained most pertinaciously that he would be hanged; another asserted that he would be transported; a third, who was listening attentively to the conversation, exclaimed, "You know nothing about it; he will neither be hanged or transported; *he is mad—he is one of ourselves!*" Do not these facts prove to us that lunatics are not so inaccessible to reason as we suppose; and that even in derangement of the *intellect* there is a possibility of the madman being conscious of his infirmity, as well as being capable of a correct process of ratiocination?

A young gentleman under confinement, told me that he was generally domiciled in the asylum four months out of the twelve every year. The fact was he had just recovered, and was going out the next day. He was a man of property and family, but unfortunately his intellect was not of the strongest character. After being at liberty for a few months, particularly if he exposed himself to much excitement, his derangement returned. He felt conscious that his "wits were beginning to turn." His memory became defective—he muttered strange things to himself—found that he could not concentrate his attention to ordinary subjects. When these premonitory indications were manifested he knew that insanity was close at hand, and he therefore voluntarily allowed himself to be placed under restraint.

I noticed two patients busily engaged in earnest conversation. They walked up and down the room with great rapidity. Every now and then they would suddenly stop, and one of them would advance a few paces and make the most ludicrous gestures to the other. Then they would unite again, and proceed to walk at a most rapid pace. I watched their movements for a considerable time, and, upon inquiring into their history, I was told that they both laboured under the same delusion, which is the strangest one I ever heard of. They actually fancy themselves women. Their insanity consists in nothing but the imaginary metamorphosis which they have undergone. Since their admission into the asylum they have exhibited a strong affection for each other, and their whole occupation is in pacing up and down the ward. What object the man had in making such singular gesticulations I could not discover. The surgeon said, that nothing could exceed in ludicrousness the observations which they often made. They considered it a most unpardonable insult to be placed in the male ward—an outrage on their delicacy; and, then, to insist upon their wearing men's attire was an abomination most revolting to their feelings. They never spoke to any of the other patients.

A man was confined in the asylum, whose insanity was caused by a sudden accession of property. He had been deranged for ten years, and his whole time was occupied in making up imaginary accounts. This notion had exclusive possession of his mind: he allowed nothing to interfere with this one all-absorbing idea. It is a common occurrence in lunacy for the mind to be occupied for a long period of time with the last impression which was made



upon it prior to the developement of insanity. In the life of Kotzebue it is said, "He had still, after a lapse of thirty years, just left his wife—she was with her children at Revel!"

Can anything exceed in melancholy interest the following fact:—A gentleman, on the eve of marriage, left his intended bride for a short time. He usually travelled in the stage-coach to the place of her abode: the last journey he took from her was the last of his life. Anxiously expecting his return, she went to meet the vehicle. A friend announced to her the death of her lover: she uttered an involuntary scream, and exclaimed, "He is dead!" From that fatal moment, for fifty years, did this unfortunate female daily, in all seasons, traverse the distance of a few miles to the spot where she expected her future husband to alight from the coach, uttering in a plaintive tone, "He is not come yet; I will return to-morrow."

Leaving the male ward, I was conducted to the female patients. I was much pleased with the excellent order and arrangement which reigned through this portion of the asylum. All the patients were subjected to a proper classification. Those who were violent were confined by themselves. The incurables, those under medical treatment, and the convalescents, had each separate wards, so that the patients were kept quite distinct from each other. It was found that this arrangement was most conducive to recovery. When the mind is beginning to exhibit a healthy tone, it is of the utmost consequence to the patient that he should be separated from everything likely to excite him.

I was pleased to hear that the surgeon of the establishment had found moral treatment so successful in curing insanity. The keepers were not allowed to use a harsh or unkind word to the patients: everything that could conciliate them and call into action the kindlier feelings of the heart was had recourse to. Their little caprices and whims even were studied and humoured; all restraint and coercion was scrupulously avoided, except in particular cases; in fact, the treatment was *moral* in the most enlarged acceptation of the term.

The public have little conception of the vast change which has taken place in the treatment of the insane of late years. A lunatic asylum half a century ago was but another name for a den of misery and cruelty.

"Regions of sorrow, doleful shades,  
Where peace and rest ne'er dwelt—hope never came."

A. Cruden observes, in his "Adventures," after his restoration from Chelsea private asylum, "No person could have a greater dread of anything than I had of being carried to St. Luke's;" and it is said, that whenever he approached that building afterwards he returned thanks to God, for having delivered him from that "*dreadful* place." "To be dragged to that dishonourable place," he says, "terrifies me night and day." After being confined at Bethnal Green, he observes, "I was scandalously beaten about the face and head. Such was the continual noise and profanity of the inmates, that the place resembled hell more than anything else." He

afterwards observes, "That the way to be mad is to be sent to a mad-house."

We have had, through the kindness of the resident surgeon of St. Luke's, an opportunity of visiting that "dreadful" abode several times, and we can most sincerely testify to the uniform kindness which is exhibited to all the patients confined in the establishment.

Galt, in describing the condition of the unfortunate inmates of an asylum in Sicily, says, "Several of the patients were fastened almost entirely by chains, fixed to iron collars round their necks, and sat at the gratings of their windows like savage animals in caves."\*

In no establishment had we an opportunity of witnessing to such advantage the successful results of moral treatment, (which is merely another term for kindness and conciliation), than at New-Bethlem-Hospital.

It was mainly through the genius, the untiring, the unceasing energies of Mrs. Forbes, the able matron of that noble establishment, that the change in the condition of the patients was effected. Nothing can exceed in interest the account she gives of the happy results which followed the introduction of moral treatment among the New-Bethlem patients. One woman had been confined in chains for nearly twenty years! She had committed murder, and, according to the notions prevalent in those barbarous times, it was not considered safe to allow her to be at liberty. The chains were actually *riveted* on the poor miserable woman! Mrs. Forbes, fully conscious that the most violent patients could be managed by proper treatment, sent for a blacksmith, and had the irons knocked off. As soon as the patient was released, she staggered to a bason of water, plunged her head into it, washed her face, and then burst into tears! This is but one case out of hundreds which this humane lady has been instrumental in restoring, from the most degrading, humiliating condition to which the imagination can conceive a person reduced, to a state of comparative ease and happiness.

I was much interested in many of the patients I saw. In one ward I had the pleasure of hearing a patient play most beautifully on the piano, others were busily occupied in sewing, some in reading, copying music, writing, &c. The great majority laboured under harmless delusions. I took great interest in the case of a lovely young girl, who had not been a week under professional care. She was not a monomaniac; no particular hallucination or illusion could be detected. She had met with a disappointment in love, which had thrown the mind off its healthy balance. This poor girl had manifested at one period rather violent maniacal excitement, and on this account her friends sent her to the asylum. Since her confinement she had become quiet; in fact, it was difficult to rouse her from her apathetic state. I was allowed to speak to her, but could obtain no reply to my question. She sat like a marble statue,

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\* Galt's Travels in Sicily in 1811.

scarcely exhibiting the faintest symptom of vitality. Previously to the attack she was remarkable for her vivacity and cheerfulness. How awful was the change in her condition! She appeared, in fact, broken-hearted; and was not, I think, a fit inmate for a lunatic asylum. She never

——— “ Spoke  
To any one upon her cruel lot;  
You would have deemed that he had been forgot,  
Or thought her callous to the stroke;  
But on her cheek there was one hectic spot—  
’Twas little, but it told her heart was broke.”

When first admitted, she refused to take any nourishment, and the nurse who attended her was under the painful necessity of forcing her to eat, but that course was soon rendered unnecessary. Leaving this poor melancholy girl, I proceeded to the ward where the violent patients were confined. As I entered one of the rooms, I overheard a patient singing most outrageously loud. Directly she caught a glimpse of us she instantly stopped, held down her head, and appeared quite ashamed at being detected. “You should not make such a noise, Sarah,” said the surgeon to the vocalist; “you know how it disturbs us.” “I must sing,” she replied. “You would not have me sitting here—mope, mope, moping all day. I *must* (she continued with great earnestness) have *some* amusement.” Poor creature! Amusement in such a place, and associated with such companions! The surgeon said she often annoyed the other patients at night by singing; and, to add to the grievance, her voice was not of the most harmonious character. “Have you seen my husband lately, sir?” said a smart looking dame to the surgeon. “Not very lately,” was the answer. “I wish you would tell him to take me out of this place. I cannot remain here much longer; I must go.” “I will deliver your message,” said the surgeon, “when I have an opportunity.” The poor woman appeared satisfied, and left us muttering something to herself. I was told that she asked every person who visited the ward whether her husband was coming to see her? The fact was, that she was a widow. Her husband was a captain of a vessel which traded to the East Indies. The ship was wrecked, and he and all the crew were lost. This circumstance, added to pecuniary difficulties, had unhinged her mind, and given her insanity this peculiar turn. It is not always easy to obtain the history of the cases admitted. The friends of many patients who are sent to the asylum refuse to give the information required; but a resolute endeavour is always made to procure a knowledge of the habits, disposition, and other circumstances connected with each individual received into the establishment. The success of the treatment is often mainly dependent upon the physician being conversant with the peculiar causes which have led to the mental derangement. A lady had been brought to the asylum on the morning of the day I paid my visit. There was no doubt as to her insanity, as she declared, soon after entering the house, that she was in hell, and devoured by evil spirits! No his-



tory of the case was given: the particulars were asked, but the surgeon was told that it was his duty to "minister to the mind diseased," and to ask no questions! What absurd ridiculous folly! How false and dangerous is the fastidious delicacy exhibited in such cases! When will the public—the non-professional part of the community—cease to consider insanity a disgrace and stigma inflicted on human nature? The doctrine of demoniacal possession will not do for this enlightened era. Paracelsus maintained, that the devil got into a lunatic as a maggot obtained ingress to a filbert. One would suppose that the same notion was current at the present day, if we were to judge from the absurd conduct of many. I do think that the profession has assisted in encouraging and giving credence to the notions which are popular respecting the nature of mental derangement. When disease of the liver, lungs, or heart, ought to be viewed as disgraceful, then, and not till then, ought *disease of the brain, leading to a disorder of its manifestations*, to be considered equally so. In every case, the aberration of intellect is but a sign of physical disease in some part of the nervous structure. The mind, considered abstractedly, as an independent immaterial essence, cannot be deranged without a disease of the organ through which the mental principle operates or is developed. There are no diseases purely *mental*; such a notion is a mere "*entia rationis*." Insanity is but a disease of the brain, and it is a false philosophy and a false pathology which inculcates the doctrine, that the immaterial and immortal principle is subject to actual disease. I saw the patient just alluded to here. She certainly had the appearance of being insane, but she did not exhibit any indications of derangement in my presence.

I was much shocked at the violence manifested by one patient, who was confined in a separate apartment. Her language was most revolting and disgusting. Directly she saw me she shook her fist, ground her teeth, and uttered expressions which made my blood run cold. In insanity how often do we see women, who have naturally appeared to be possessed of the most refined and delicate sensibilities, exhibit a disposition the very reverse—the virtuous become vicious—the modest, immodest—the timid, bashful—and the retiring, bold, forward, and impudent! What inference do we deduce from this fact? Does it not clearly establish the great scriptural doctrine of the *natural corruption of human nature*? We are told in Holy Writ, that we are born with the seeds of every evil propensity implanted in us, and that, in proportion as our intellectual faculties are expanded, our moral attributes developed by religious education, so are these inclinations towards evil kept in subjection. Deprive the judgement and reasoning faculties of their control over the feelings, and they will run riot and exhibit themselves in all their naked deformity. Such is the case in insanity. The judgement no longer directs or controls the feelings, and you see the natural corruption of the human heart. In the prevention of insanity, how important it is to endeavour to exercise the higher faculties of the mind, particularly the moral propensities! In a moment this patient appeared to be excited to a degree of fury

seldom seen exhibited by the brute creation. Had she been able to lay hands on me, the consequences might have been very painful. This woman was considered convalescent. During a whole week she was perfectly quiet and composed, and everything prognosticated a speedy recovery. One evening, as the nurse was putting her to bed, she gave her a most violent blow in the face, calling her by a most odious epithet. From that moment she appeared to relapse. No circumstance could account for the change. She had been exposed to no particular excitement. For a fortnight she had been in the state in which she was when I saw her. I have since, however, heard, that a change has taken place for the better.

Many of the female patients were wandering quietly through the grounds, amusing themselves in various ways. They all appeared, with one exception, to shun observation. A young girl came up to me, and said, with a smile, "How are you? I am glad you have come to see me. Mr. ——— (mentioning the surgeon's name) is very kind to me; but I wish to go home;" and then with a most beseeching and winning look she added, (singing) "You know 'There is no place like home.'" Poor girl! she had been six years confined in the asylum. She had a home prior to her attack; but since her incarceration nearly all the members of her family had been scattered to the four quarters of the globe. The only person with whom the proprietor of the establishment communicated was an uncle, who paid liberally all her expenses. I had a short conversation with her, and she was pleased at my appearing to know her. She observed, that I was looking as young as ever, and expressed a hope that I would often come to see her; "but you must not forget," she added with a sweet smile, "to tell my friends that I wish to go home." I promised compliance, and she skipped off with an apparently light and joyous heart. I was told that this patient was as happy as the day is long. She was always smiling and singing snatches of songs. Dryden says—

"There is a pleasure in being mad  
Which none but madmen know."

It is, however, a species of pleasure which one would willingly dispense with.

I saw many other cases, some interesting, others possessing no novel features. I was altogether much gratified with my visit. The kind and assiduous attention which I saw paid to the comfort of the patients afforded me much satisfaction; and I hope I felt grateful to the Giver and Dispenser of all good, that I was allowed the healthy exercise of my own mental faculties, and was not reduced to the pitiable condition in which I saw the poor creatures with whom I had been for some hours associating.

## JACOPO BUSSOLARO.

BY THE REV. ROBERT OXLAD.

—  
 " 'Tis the doom  
 Of spirits of my order to be rack'd  
 In life, to wear their hearts out, and consume  
 Their days in endless strife, and die alone."

*Prophecy of Dante.*

—  
 A.D. 1356—1559.—Frere Jacopo Bussolaro was Predicateur of Pavia. His success as a preacher forms one of the most singular illustrations upon record of the power of popular oratory in one of his order. His preaching is said to have effected a complete reformation among the citizens of Pavia, and especially provoked the hostility of the *Beccaria*, the most dominant family in the state. Their opposition caused the tide of the monk's influence to be turned against their tyranny, when to the improved moral habits of the people was added a bold and dangerous love of liberty. After he had secured the independence of the city of the Viconti (the ruling family at Milan) by his prudent and vigorous measures, the Beccaria saw no possibility of destroying a power so hostile to their interests, except in forming a sacred alliance with the Viconti, and betraying the city into their hands. After maintaining an heroic defence, Bussalaro was compelled to surrender to Galeaz,—the most worthy of the Viconti, and distinguished as the patron and friend of Petrarch—which he did without any capitulation for himself. Galeaz carried him to Milan, and there, on a charge of ecclesiastical disobedience, delivered him to the clergy, by whom he was thrown into the prison of the convent at Verceil, and doomed to the greatest privation and suffering.—*Sismondi's Histoire des Republiques Italiennes du Moyen Age.* tome 6, ch. 44. *De Sade's Memoires pour la Vie de Petrarch.* tome 5, p. 465.

## SCENE.

## PRISON OF THE CONVENT AT VERCEIL.

—  
 JACOPO BUSSOLARO, AND LOREDANO.

*Loredano.*

O! sue in penitence for liberty,  
 And weave a double bond of holy vows,  
 And thou art free.

*Jacopo Bussolaro.*

Dost thou bid me, brother,  
 Sue to the proud Viconti, and the chief  
 Who sullies o'er his fame by mean revenge,  
 And seeks to wreak alone upon my head  
 That vengeance of his hate, from which I sav'd  
 The city, ev'n in yielding him its gates?  
 I would not think of him, did not he wound  
 The heart that trusted him in purity  
 Of those fond hopes we in our nature place.



Had I upon the city's walls been made  
 The captive of his sword, I'd wear his chains  
 Like silken bonds, and never say they gall;  
 But he has pierc'd this bleeding heart—*ev'n he*—  
 And now my tortur'd spirit writhes to think  
 I trusted him, and with the generous thought  
 Enkindled, in a patriotic zeal,  
 Deem'd the proud conqueror a generous foe.

*Loredano.*

But when thou did'st capitulate as one  
 Who held the prostrate city in thy hand,  
 With power his entrance longer to delay,  
 Thou should'st have treated for thyself. Then 'twas  
 Thy genius fail'd, and since thou reap'st alone  
 The fruit of weakness, learn humility.

*Jacopo Bussolaro.*

Strike not to wound my pride, thy blow will strike  
 A humbled soul, but not by folly sunk  
 Below the power of kindling at reproof  
 Unmerited. I treated, trusting him  
 As I would have mine enemies trust me.  
 Alas! I little dream'd he'd outrage honour,  
 Faith, decency, and all the wonted homage  
 We frankly pay to nobleness of soul—  
 I deem'd he could not thus his part perform,  
 That Milan's pride, and Pavia's lord, alas!  
 And Petrarch's friend, and one who sought to win  
 The suffrage of the world, would not its scorn  
 Have thus defied—and little did I think  
 The fickle world would righteous scorn forego,  
 Abas'd enough to laud a tyrant's crimes.  
 Let me act nobly, I exclaim'd, and deeds  
 Alone will win me more than treaties can—  
 Let those who have no virtue in their souls  
 Negotiate for fame, and subtly make  
 Their reputation for unequalled worth  
 A selfish bargain with a sordid fox,  
 Its only record a vile parchment bond;  
 For self I'd nothing ask, and only take  
 What none will dare refuse. My only thought  
 Was once again within the cloisters' shade  
 To meditate upon the wrongs of men;  
 And anxiously in holy faith revolve  
 That justice in the government of God,  
 Which baffles thought, and oft-times disappoints  
 The plans we form presuming on its aid.  
 But *ev'n* the cloisters' tranquil hope is dead,  
 And with a sicken'd heart I seek the cold,  
 Cold comforts of the grave. The winning charm  
 Of character is gone—that influence

Of mind and principle, which I had hop'd  
 Would form the lasting triumph of my soul,  
 Ev'n in discomfiture of all my plans—  
 And I am treated like the basest serf  
 Who ne'er won honour as the meed of real  
 Acknowledg'd worth.

*Loredano.*

And why wilt thou refuse,  
 While thy heart bows beneath its weight of ills,  
 One message of submission to the chief  
 Whom it might win to mercy?

*Jacopo Bussolaro.*

I think not  
 Of his stern wrath, but his deep-stain'd dishonour,  
 And of the weakness of my Pavia's hosts.  
 My sorrows will not glance a single thought  
 Towards that vile submission! Have I not  
 Submitted and confided too? Debasement  
 Of the mind is what thou ask'st of me—

*Loredano.*

O Madness!  
 Did I behold thee unconcern'd and bold,  
 I should not wonder that the lofty soul  
 Refus'd submission. But thus, day and night,  
 To pine thy soul away, and yet not speak  
 One little word that breath'd humility,  
 To purchase peace, and 'chance thy liberty,  
 Passes belief—'tis even as if thy grief  
 Had banish'd reason from thine o'erwrought mind,  
 And won an idiot to her murderous arms.

*Jacopo Bussolaro.*

I pity and I envy thee, my friend,  
 Thy want of sympathy with thoughts like mine.  
 Hadst thou a fellowship of mind, thou soon  
 Would'st feel the sympathy of bleeding hearts,  
 And thou, perhaps, might'st soothe.

*Loredano.*

'Twas ever thus :  
 From youth I've borne thy scorn—the lightning flash  
 Of mind—but not the torrent of the heart,  
 O'erflowing in fierce wrath; for tho' thy scorn  
 May bow, always some touch of soul compels  
 The prompt submission of confiding love.

*Jacopo Bussolaro.*

I do not scorn thee—though a scornful thought,  
 My brother, o'er thy well-intentioned speech,  
 May sometimes pass, it never rests on thee,  
 To scathe where it must love.

*Loredano.*

Well! let it pass—  
'Tis gone—it has not lighted on my heart—  
But if in sorrow thou wilt not submit,  
I'd see thee bold—not yielding to thy foes  
The pleasure of a sigh. Nay, let a cold  
Indifference the fount of feeling freeze.

*Jacopo Bussolaro.*

Cold to what end?

*Loredano.*

That thou might'st win renown.  
And I have reason still to boast my friend.  
Whoever weeps inherits scorn and hate;  
We pity the sharp sorrows of our race,  
But only him applaud who scoffs at tears;  
If e'er he sinks beneath his sorrow's weight,  
Scorn supersedes our pity.

*Jacopo Bussolaro.*

Thus between  
Your pity and your scorn a man is tossed,  
The football of the crowd; meanwhile he thinks  
Himself of neither. No! his only purpose  
Is some most holy cause to serve aright.  
You laud him if he triumph over all,  
But if he fail and mourn defeat, you deem  
That there is little virtue in his grief.  
Your scorn is superficial and unjust,  
You cannot comprehend the suffering soul,  
But on the pangs which prove its nobleness,  
Pour the contempt belonging to the herd  
Whose souls ne'er suffer aught, except the pangs  
Of bleeding pride and mortified self-love.  
Believe me, there are souls whose sufferings form  
Their nobleness, and from whose saddest griefs  
'Tis littleness alone exempts.

*Loredano.*

Tell me, my brother,  
The secret thoughts which rankle in your heart,  
Like poison in a wound.

*Jacopo Bussolaro.*

Ah! had'st thou toiled  
With more than filial love for the proud state  
That bore thee, and with pure benevolence  
And thoughts, spurning the recompense of fame,  
Of ease, and wealth, outstretching life and time,  
Thou'dst not upbraid the anguish of my soul,  
Or deem that with my feelings I could sink  
And sue for mercy at a tyrant's feet.  
O no! I soar too high, behold too much,



And, therefore, feel too much. Thou know'st that long  
I liv'd as others do—in solitude,  
And the calm tenor of my way sustained.

*Loredano.*

Yes, and the memory of those happy days  
Awakens all the glow of friendship's fire ;  
O that they were renewed ! Then we, my friend,  
In company God's altar sought ; we oft  
Blended our souls in commune with the skies,  
Or in the mines of ancient classic lore,  
Re-opened to the world, spent tranquil nights.  
O ! hadst thou been content to toil therein,  
With Petrarch thou had'st stood in honour robed,  
And the Viconti lov'd thee both as friends,  
And not between thee stood as friend and foe,  
While the proud bard renounces thine esteem,  
And by his censure justifies the wrath  
Of Milan's court. But vain ambitious thoughts  
Broke the calm slumber of a happy life.  
No sooner did'st thou hear their lov'd applause  
Who, won by thine enchanting eloquence,  
Were glad to learn their duty from thy lips ;  
Than, as the tools thy hands were skilled to wield,  
Thou us'dst them for thyself, and not for him,  
His service and his praise, whose holy name  
Thou hast profaned in war. Ambition turns  
The quiet priest into the blood-stained chief !  
And not content the city to redeem  
From hostile power, thou rais'dst intestine war,  
And forc'd the Pavian prince to seek the help  
E'en of a common foe against thy wiles.  
O ! I could weep, while gazing round this cell,  
To think what once thou wert.

*Jacopo Bussolaro.*

Thy tears, my friend,

Were ill-bestowed. Shed not one drop for me,  
But with me weep for those on whose behalf  
I've toil'd, alas ! in vain. Yes, I could weep,  
Could bitter, heart-rung tears, in torrents shed,  
Yet not from coward grief—from wounded zeal,  
And suffering love!—when I should scorning shun  
Your consolations, need no soothing arts,  
Nor aught require but to live weeping on,  
Till my indignant soul shall fly from earth.

*Loredano.*

Again I ask, what can thy soul thus move ?

*Jacopo Bussolaro.*

I said thou knew'st me in those tranquil days  
When freedom smil'd on unpretending toil,

When, studious and devout, I bore a name  
Which, though renown'd, wak'd not the oppressor's fears,  
Nor stirr'd the villain's wrath. Thou erring deem'st  
The cloister's cares precluded such high thoughts  
As urge the bold and enterprising mind  
To share in state concerns—the people's course  
By principles of right and truth to guide—  
And tyranny and slavish vice withstand.  
No! In the cloister'd shade these thoughts were nurs'd  
Which made me what I am. 'Tis true I loved  
My solitude, and duty held me long  
From crowds and camps. I reverenc'd my vows,  
I check'd my restlessness, smother'd the fires  
That burn'd within my breast, deeming the flame  
Was kindled by corrupt ambition's breath;  
Still to my quiet duties kept, and look'd  
Ev'n on such scenes as I have lately rais'd  
With a calm, musing, philosophic eye;  
But when from childish visions freed, the mind  
Emulates greatness, purifies its thoughts,  
And tenderly alive to good and ill,  
Feels that high motive to activity  
With which compar'd ambition's stimulus  
Is feeble, faint and dead. 'Twas not, indeed,  
Ambition—common, everlasting charge  
Which weak and grovelling spirits dare to lay  
Against the souls they fail to comprehend,—  
A phantom summon'd to affright the timid  
From the steep paths of high heroic virtue,—  
Or a mere cheating phrase, a trick of words,  
The slothful to exonerate from guilt.  
I bitterly bewail'd my country's state,  
Till feeling more than others for her sin,  
Her shame and woe; and fathoming the depths  
Of her unnumber'd ills, I felt the power  
To deal with them, and 'chance to remedy  
Some of the thousand wrongs through which life pour'd  
Its quickly ebbing tide. My musings nurs'd  
A strong desire for enterprising deeds;  
And ev'n the solemn course that holy vows  
Gave to my thoughts, increas'd its strength and fire.  
The more I virtue lov'd, more purely own'd  
The sacred duties of our faith, and learn'd  
The length and breadth of that most holy pledge,  
Which in the daily service of my God  
Bound me to serve my race as best I might,  
The more I panted to befriend our state.  
My holiest thoughts the deepest channel wrought  
For all such feelings as in worldly guise  
Are misconceived by thee. 'Twas then I wish'd,  
I purposed, I resolved; welcom'd the thought

Of stirring, daring aims, that once I check'd  
 As earthly and profane, when in hot youth  
 Ambition urg'd, and spread the lure of fame.  
 The path of virtue oft, to mortal eye,  
 Seems like ambition's course. But who, forsooth,  
 Would lead a vacant life, palsied and dead,  
 Because a guilty motive may corrupt  
 The deed which God requires. The purest soul  
 Will dare the most ; though in the heart, perchance,  
 Which highest motives sway, the grovelling crowd  
 Suspects the basest thoughts. O ! then, when first  
 The man, (who paus'd his purity to save,  
 His motive to review, and free himself  
 From earthly guile,) treads the high, slippery path  
 Where oft ambition walks by virtue's side,  
 Nought can impede him, nor perplex his course ;  
 For half his hopes he sacrifices life ;  
 Much he achieves, and still he urges on,  
 Ready to meet the great alternative  
 Of a triumphant benefactor's life,  
 Or martyr's sacrificial death.

*Loredano.*

Thou had'st

A path of usefulness and fame, when thou  
 The city's chosen preacher stood'st on high —  
 The ruler of our hearts.

*Jacopo Bussolaro.*

I love to look,

Ev'n from this cell, upon the hallow'd hours  
 When our religion triumph'd, by my means,  
 O'er apathy and vice.

*Loredano.*

My memory

Doats on the vanish'd scene. There is, methinks,  
 In the full triumph of an orator,  
 A common interest which thousands share.  
 He draws unwilling auditors along,  
 Till all the vanquish'd, in their vassalage  
 Of mind and heart, feel an unblushing pride.  
 I mark'd the growth of thy ascendancy  
 O'er luxury and pomp, and all the vice  
 To which these minister. The young laugh'd out,  
 Old age, with quiet smile, shook its gray head,  
 And said the meteor soon would pass. The sly  
 And greedy usurer look'd on amaz'd  
 To see the pampered passions, from which long  
 He drew his treasures, at thy bidding scorn'd,  
 But said 't was madness, could not last. Yet all—  
 The young, the old, the crafty wretch who made  
 A gain of vice—own'd thy supremacy.

*Jac*



O! how the mad Beccaria curs'd thy name  
And vow'd the sure destruction of their God.  
Then from the vices of the multitude  
Thou turn'dst to tyranny, and all our hosts  
Beheld in him who sav'd them from themselves,  
Their saviour from the frantic despot's hate.  
What though the novel truths thou taught'st be deemed  
Beneath the notice of the stole-clad monk,  
And 'yond the circuit of the truths, our church  
Ordain'd thee to declare, thou shew'dst us how  
Vile error long had lurk'd beneath their mask ;  
And their perversion led the heedless crowd  
In devious ways, far from the path of virtue.  
Thou treated'st them as should the Christian priest,  
Might he but dare upon such themes to dwell,  
And on our civil duties stamp the seal  
Of hallowed bonds, to make the whole of life  
The service of a God too often mock'd  
By duties in seclusion only known ;  
And thoughts and feelings, by the guileful forms  
Of superstition, sever'd from the cares  
That, while we linger still on earth, define  
Half of our duty to the God of heaven.  
Then 'twas, the humble preacher seem'd to rise  
Into the heaven-sent ruler of the world,  
And spoke as might an angel to the men  
He stoop'd awhile to guide. Ev'n tho' I blame  
Thy warlike zeal, I love thee for that day,  
When while gaunt famine thinn'd our mailed ranks,  
And mothers for their infants begged for bread,  
Our trembling hosts, to thy high purpose wrought,  
Laid every jewel, every costly gift  
They long had hoarded, at thy feet, and bought  
A respite for their liberty, with faith  
In thy commands. O! had'st thou stay'd thy course,  
Where should have clos'd the sacred preacher's task ?  
Had'st thou not warpt the hearts, that holy faith  
Thus made thine own, to factious purposes,  
Beneath a blood-stain'd banner, thou had'st stood  
Like holiest saint in ancient days, when rose  
The cross o'er pagan shrines.

*Jacopo Bussolaro.*

Thou errest still—

Whoever wins an eminence of fame,  
Is like a vessel on a current launch'd,  
That never stays its course ; for none can rest  
Amidst its flow, and all who backward steer  
Are buried 'neath its still advancing waves.  
Besides, the sacred preacher has a task  
Which deepens with the times. If he should win

The multitude, assenting to his words,  
 'Tis not to swell the triumph of his hour ;  
 But he must further seek to fashion them,  
 When yielding to his touch, to highest aims  
 That mould the state ; till thus, from land to land,  
 Our faith transforms the world. I Pavia lov'd ;  
 I saw her drunk in vice and indolence ;  
 I saw the curse of tyranny still brooding  
 Above her shame ; and when the people flock'd  
 To hear ev'n from my lips the truths of heaven,  
 And penitence and reformation spread  
 Throughout their kneeling hosts, I thought I might  
 Prevail o'er all, and see at last a free,  
 A holy, happy empire. But thou know'st  
 How vice regain'd its sway ; how power triumph'd ;  
 How baseness brought a vengeful foe, to feed  
 With all a rival's hate, intestine crime ;  
 And how ten thousand arts of treachery,  
 That load the soul as with a demon's guilt ;  
 Baffled my plans : while I presum'd too much  
 On sacred ties, on honour, and on truth.  
 And since mine only purpose was to serve  
 A wicked world, aim'd not to counteract  
 Its crimes by equal crime, and never dream'd  
 Of half its wickedness. It wounds my heart  
 To nurse a restless, burning wish to serve  
 Mankind, and yet to feel that service check'd  
 By time and circumstance, which show the need  
 Of abrogating sin. Oft he, alas !  
 Who much achieves, will steep his soul in guilt,  
 In hope that virtue has a healing fount.  
 Where 'chance philanthropy, with many stains,  
 Contracted in its bold and daring course,  
 And patriot courage, red with gore, may wash  
 And be for ever clean. Delusion all !  
 'Tis purity of soul alone promotes  
 The world's improvement ; and thero's not a crime  
 Dissembled in its course, but mars its hope,  
 And on our race a penalty entails.  
 This was the great misfortune I deplore ;  
 I *trusted* man too much. The public state !  
*The People !* O they form'd a glorious idol  
 In my wild dreams—an image half of heaven,  
 And starry light. I fondly thought I read  
 Divinity upon its dazzling brow,  
 And worshipped ; but as I dream'd it turn'd  
 A giant son of earth, and proudly spurn'd  
 Me on my kness, and trod me in the dust.

*Loredano.*

And dost thou mourn for this ?

*Jacopo Bussolaro.* For this alone.

*Loredano.*

Sure thy great mind might disappointment bear?

*Jacopo Bussolaro.*

Yes; all but this. See the love-widow'd mother  
Cling to her smiling babe, and link her life  
With the frail ties of its mortality.  
It dies! *that* disappointment sears her soul.  
Behold the guileless maid, who her young heart  
Has to her lover given. Each dream, each hope,  
Each wish of life, are centered in her love.—  
He faithless proves! The treachery of life  
Is far more bitter than the curse of death,  
And life breathes not o'er her another hope;  
Her only wish is death. Thus hearts will pour  
Their life-blood in one hope, and die to joy.  
And thus with loftiest minds, who love their race,  
And mourn at last ingratitude and hate.

*Loredano.*

Methinks thou mightest, if not hate, despise  
In turn.

*Jacopo Bussolaro.* Thus thousands oft avenge themselves,  
And from the service of the world they lov'd  
To tyrants turn. They weep not o'er their ills,  
But grown in sad experience, cold and stern,  
Their fiercest passions hide beneath a mask,  
And wring a joy, though joy not worth their toil,  
From the world's punishment.

*Loredano.*

Such but display

The wide extremes of hot intemperate minds.  
Be it thy care to seek that heavenly calm  
In which the thoughts long nurs'd, like winds that sink  
Upon the sea they lash'd, shall die away.

*Jacopo Bussolaro.*

No, they shall live, if ardent prayer to heaven,  
And meditation most profound, can save  
Their wounded life. If they should ever die,  
Far other thoughts would come, and rob the heart  
Of all its virtue in the name of peace.

*Loredano.*

Still I am baffled in my wish to check  
The bleeding sorrows of thy stricken heart.  
Sure thoughts like thine, that soar on high to heaven,  
And feelings festering with the wounds they mourn,  
Betray a mind that from its balance swerves.

*Jacopo Bussolaro.*

They show a mind so delicately pois'd  
In its refinement of the purest powers,



That griefs like mine its equilibrium break.  
 Our thoughts with feelings link, and oft the best  
 With feelings that must sorely tortured be.  
 Why mourn? dost ask, in cherishing the thoughts  
 Which man ennoble, and are all deriv'd  
 From truth and piety? 'Tis weakness, 'chance.  
 But weakness men on earth must long endure:  
 We are not angels yet. We think, perhaps,  
 To serve mankind, but thus to think, my friend,  
 Is tenderly to nurse into a growth  
 Of shrinking sensibility the heart.  
 And if we serve them well thro' every change,  
 'Twill often be with the heart's richest blood,  
 Drain'd to the last exhausting drop.

*Loredano.*

But why

Weep for the errors which must ever mar  
 The zealous life, far of mortality  
 The noblest share. In all our martyr griefs  
 We only suffer what our errors cause,  
 And should submit.

*Jacopo Bussolaro.*

Errors! It chafes my soul,

Impatient grown perhaps, to think how all  
 The high-wrought feelings of benevolence,  
 Love, trust, hopes for the best in heart and deed,  
 Are deemed our shame, and are at last condemn'd  
 Like the weak blunders of a drivelling mind.

*Loredano.*

But is it wise, O! ever with the world  
 To war, and in collision lose thy peace,  
 Till in the shock even life itself is lost?

*Jacopo Bussolaro.*

A contradiction is the life of man,  
 And he who moderates opinion, checks,  
 Perhaps with innate shame, his principles,  
 And tames the courage of his soul, in hope  
 To live at peace; not erring by a thought  
 Too noble for his state, and far too wise,  
 Too prudent to encounter vicious hatred,  
 Will find his labour lost. He owns at last  
 That in the complex misery of the world  
 His share is only chang'd—he now must war  
 With virtue, and with nobleness of soul—  
 An outward and an inward conflict still;  
 And as befits such strife with arts too base,  
 Chicanery too mean to lead him forth  
 From drear obscurity, where life and heaven  
 Are lost in struggles to maintain his peace.  
 Think'st thou I envy him, tho' all the wrath  
 Of the proud Milanese, and Pavia's chiefs  
 Should on my head be pour'd.

*Loredano.* And so each day  
You make yourself a fretful element  
Of the dire oppositions of the world  
You thus lament.

*Jacopo Bussolaro.* Yet I but choose  
'Twixt light and darkness in the holy war  
Of Oromaz 'gainst his foe, or better taught  
Than e'er by eastern sage, I but gird on  
The christian's panoply, and live for heaven.  
'Tis duty: I can act no other part,  
Unless the basest traitor I become,  
Both to my conscience and my stainless faith.

*Loredano.*  
But dost thou not rebel against the power  
Who in the present state makes lowly thoughts  
Thy duty. God enjoins humility.  
Chasten thy daring spirit, and—

*Jacopo Bussolaro.* I know  
What thou would'st say. 'Tis chastened; and I pray  
For more submission to the will of heaven,  
Deeper repentance for my many sins,  
And holier aspirations of the heart,  
In such entrancing visions of our God,  
As honour'd Saints have sometimes known. But why  
Are all my energies of life enfeebled  
By a drear separation from the world,  
The brotherly ties which bind us to mankind,  
And all the powers that spread from age to age  
To mould the fate of man?

*Loredano.* But is it so?  
Tho' in our humble place we should not seek  
To mix with the profane, does not our church  
Assert a right to rule the wicked world?

*Jacopo Bussolaro.*  
To rule it, not to mould it—but to bind it  
As a vile slave, and not a holy freedom  
On all its hosts bestow! 'Tis no fair purpose  
Of heavenly faith: we are compelled to serve,  
In our humility, forsooth, the tools  
Of an insatiable ambition.

*Loredano.* No,  
My brother, no; I'll hear thee not. 'Tis true  
I much defer to thine aspiring mind,  
But breathe a censure on our holy church,  
And I will leave thee to thy harshest fate..

*Jacopo Bussolaro.*  
Be not alarm'd. There is a restlessness  
Within my mind I know not how to quell;





This narrow cell is my enchanted shrine—  
This pallet of a dungeon slave, to me  
Is like the tripod that in Delphos stood.—  
And here such burning thoughts of Pavia rise,  
Yea, ev'n of Italy, thro' all her realms,  
That oft I start as from sedition's guilt,  
And blasphemy, and all that makes revolt  
From power a curse, blighting at least an age.  
Yet, sure as thoughts within this mortal coil  
Are instinct with the pulse of future life  
In heaven, ev'n so the mind enkindles oft  
With sense prophetic of the state ordain'd  
For man on earth. A change o'er empire comes—  
Power, too, will change its rule—the stern relations  
Of social life will change, and cross and baffle  
All the keen skill and sleepless craft, which aim  
To keep the spreading army of mankind  
Within its present ranks. Opinions, too,  
Which sway the multitude as winds the waves,  
And systems, which the noble few direct  
And aid them the wild multitude to quell,  
Will change—and nature thro' her inmost powers  
Feel new and freshening airs pervade. O! then  
The world o'er all her realms that change will show,  
From which the timid mind, as from a thought  
Rank with impiety, shrinks in alarm.

*Loredano.*

Such thoughts have ruin'd us, and ever urge  
The multitude to pass the bounds of right  
And happiness, and forcing all who rule  
In stern resistance to exert their power,  
Give to fell anarchy a peaceful state,  
Till tyranny exults o'er all. Where then  
Thy cheering visions of another world?

*Jacopo Bussolaro.*

My visions show a power the world not yet  
Has seen, frowning upon an empty zeal,  
That, void of virtue, in the madding love  
Of liberty convulses realms in vain.  
Think'st thou the rash alone can love the light  
Of future years, and all who power revere,  
And peace maintain, must struggle to preserve  
The limits of to-day? There comes an age  
When charm'd obedience and tranquillity  
Will man's improvement work, and when the truths  
I lately taught to Pavia's list'ning hosts  
Will put for ever those dread scenes aside,  
Where we have struggled only to deplore  
Defeat, and when each pious effort, made  
To serve our race, will peaceful triumph win.

## FREEMASONIC REVELATIONS.

## CHAP. II.

THE theology of the Church subsisted in greater or less degrees of purity among all the nations of antiquity. Warburton has elaborately proved it; and this forms the best argument of his sophistical legation, that not only the Jews, but likewise the Gentile peoples, possessed the radiant principles of theology, properly so called. Phanner, Burigni, Cudworth, and Brocklesby, have evinced that the Gentiles took no small interest, and made no slight advances in those doctrines which are cherished by the frequenters of churches. The number of churches was almost infinite among the pagans, who were, like the Athenians, "in all things very religious," or "too superstitious," if you will so translate it. And amid the ruins of empires, which Volney has invested with the sable vapour of infidelity, the broken columns of fanes and temples yet survive to point this our moral, if for no better purpose.

But it is not now with the theology of churches that we discourse, but the theosophy of Lodges of Initiation. In our first article we showed, that though theology, theosophy, and philosophy have a common origin and many points of analogy, yet this important distinction subsists between them,—that while *theology is the science of the church, theosophy is the science of the lodge, and philosophy is the science of the schools*. These three vast branches of erudition have always obtained and been developed in connection with the three famous institutions entitled the Church, the Lodge, and the Schools. We wish our readers to understand this distinction clearly; for it is of the utmost importance to those who would gain a correct idea of the intellectual history of man.

This being premised, let us proceed to investigate the theosophy of the lodges, and illustrate their *initiations*. It is concerning these theosophic initiations of the lodge that Cicero has left us this splendid testimonial:—"Athens has furnished Rome with many divine and excellent institutions, but among them all none is, methinks, more admirable than that of the *mysteries* by which we have been rescued from the rude severities of barbarism, and are mitigated and polished into humanity. Well are such mysteries entitled *initiations*, since from them we receive the initiative principles of life, and learn not only the art of living happily, but likewise of dying with a better hope. (Initiaque ut appellantur, ita revera principia vitæ cognovimus, neque solum cum lætitia vivendi rationem accepimus, sed etiam cum spe meliori moriendi.)"—*Cicero de Legibus, Lib. 2.*<sup>1</sup>

So speaks Cicero concerning the theosophic mysteries in which he was initiated, and for a profound knowledge of which he became renowned. At some future time, perhaps, we may find leisure to describe the ancient initiations of which he speaks, and others that flourished during the middle ages. At present we shall confine our attention to those of Freemasonry strictly understood.

As we stated in our first chapter, a considerable number of terms, allegories, ceremonials, and symbols, collected from various initiations of other times and climes, have gradually become amalgamated and incor-

porated with the freemasonic initiations as they now exist. These initiations, simple and even puerile as they may at first sight appear, are, in fact, little dramas, illustrating a divine secret of eternal liberty and equality. Trifling and *jejune* in outward semblance, exhibiting a perplexed jumble of foreign and heterogeneous ingredients, they yet refer to the sublimest verities. Like the service of the mass in the Roman Catholic Church, their literal acceptation would profit little, though their spiritual intendment may be eminently useful to the genuine truth-searcher. Such alone will be able to trace the *light* that dwells amid the darkness, the *power* girt around with imbecility. And as men of this temper are as rare as black swans during the present age, we would by no means urge the uninitiated in general, to incur the responsibilities that may subsequently annoy them.

In the mean time, we conceive it may be a highly useful, as well as amusing task, to lay open as much of the freemasonic initiations as may be safely committed to literature. As a rule we like to be as open as circumstances permit, and to indulge in no greater mysteriousness than is necessary. And certainly, in the present age of liberty, toleration, and free enquiry, much of freemasonic science may be revealed without a particle of danger or mischief, which in other ages and nations should be kept as close as wax.

Let not our brethren of the Lodge think that we are going to betray the *unbetrayables* of their admirable club. *Nullum simile est idem.* No semblance is substance. It is possible to publish something like a reality, yet not the reality itself. We shall, therefore, rather restrain our audacious pen, and commence our revelations with certain select specimens of freemasonic initiations, which have already received an imprimatur. These are most of them as good as new to the majority of readers, and a careful analysis and comparison of them, will furnish the public with much information, for which curiosity is agog. In future articles we shall illustrate these initiations with many extraordinary passages which have never seen the light, though in newspaper phraseology, "no less strange than true."

Now then to give the inquisitive virtuoso some notion of the nature of the published specimens of freemasonic initiations. We quote them as preliminaries to fuller discoveries; and by perusing them, the would-be initiate will gain an idea of the thing, if not quite correct, yet not a thousand leagues wrong. It is a pleasure to make the *Monthly* (by the bye, the only magazine which has spirit enough for such adventures) the medium between the initiated and the cowan.

Our friends the Druids, at Oxford, will laugh heartily at the whole concern,—*Verbum sap.*

Among the first of the freemasonic publications which attempted to let the cat out of the bag, we shall notice a little book written by R. S., entitled, "An Authentic Key to the Door of Freemasonry; published by W. Nichols, 1766." The author, after giving an amusing account of himself and his treatise, proceeds to favour us with a description of the ceremonies that attend the opening of the lodge for the solemnisation of the entered apprentices' degree, which apply also to the higher degrees of initiation. These degrees of initiation, however, differ much from each other, and the subsequent lectures which the initiates receive, perpetually



unfold more and more of the drift of the institutions. True masons will smile at the audacity of this R. S., whoever he was, who sometimes runs close upon the truth, and then flies off in a tangent to the absurdest mistakes.

In republishing scarce masonic tracts, we give this the priority, because it was nearly the first of the kind that made a considerable stir. We shall follow it up by other documents, which are more correct in detail, and powerful in composition.

Here follow the words of R. S. Pray let them be received *cum grano salis*.

“ TO ALL FREE-MASONS.

“ THE author of the following pages has the honour of being known and well respected in most of the lodges of reputation in this metropolis, and is a frequent visitor at the Queen’s Arms, St. Paul’s Church Yard ; the Sun, in Ludgate Street ; the Ierusalem, at Clerkenwell ; Half Moon, Cheapside ; Crown and Anchor, in the Strand ; Salutation, Grey Friars ; and several others of less note, even where humble porter is drank.

“ An eager curiosity and desire of becoming a perfect master of Masonry, and the success he met with in his first attempt, has rendered him capable of revealing those mysteries to the world, which, till now, have been kept secret as the grave.

“ He derived his knowledge at first from some loose papers belonging to a merchant, to whom he was nearly related, who had been a member of the Queen’s Arms, St. Paul’s Church Yard. This relation dying about nine years ago, our author became possessed of his effects ; and, on looking over his papers, among others, he found some memorandums, or remarks, on Masonry, which excited his curiosity so far, that he resolved on accomplishing his scheme, without going through the ceremonies required by the society.

“ The remarks of his friend above mentioned, furnished hints sufficient to make a trial on an intimate acquaintance, a Freemason, who readily gave him the sign and answer in the manner he expected. After a more narrow inspection on the part of his friend, such as, where he was made, and when, &c., (to all of which he answered with great readiness) he received an invitation to spend an evening at a tavern in the Strand with several acquaintances. Elated by this success, he boldly advanced with his company, all of whom belonged to the lodge, and were well known by the tyler at the door. After the usual ceremony, in which he gave full satisfaction, he was admitted, and took his seat. That very night he saw two *makings*\*, and came off full of spirits.

“ Soon after he went to another lodge, where he distinguished himself greatly in answering the questions proposed by the master, which he acquired from his friend’s manuscripts, or Memorandums of the *Entered Apprentice* and *Fellow Craft’s* Lectures.

“ His regard for the society, and respect to the public, is the only

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\* *Makings*, the term used in the circular letters to the members of the lodge, acquainting them that new members are to be admitted the next lodge night.

inducement to this publication, which is intended not only to assist those who, perhaps, have been lately made, and still remain ignorant of the true foundation of the art, but also to give all that have an inclination to become Masons an opportunity of judging for themselves, as to the obligations and nature of the society they are going to enter into, and to consider the advantages and disadvantages of the engagements and oaths by which they are bound.

"Such is the intention of this undertaking; and the author flatters himself the brotherhood will more applaud than condemn his officiousness in this respect, as it must rather strengthen than hurt the interest of the society; the fear of going through the ceremony, which hitherto has been represented in such frightful shapes, being the greatest obstacle to the farther welfare and increase of this truly antient and worthy society.

"His ambition is to please; and the work is submitted to the only proper judges, viz., his brethren the Freemasons, to whom he begs leave to declare, that no private or public quarrel, the view of gain, nor any other motive than the public good, could ever have induced him to write on this subject; and he declares to the world, that the following is the whole of true Masonry in all its branches.

"ADVERTISEMENT.

"Since the former edition of this pamphlet was put to the press, the author has received from his publisher several anonymous letters, containing the lowest abuse and scurrilous invectives; nay, some have proceeded so far as to threaten his person. He requests the favour of all enraged brethren, who shall choose to display their talents for the future, that they will be so kind as to pay the postage of their letters, as there can be no reason he should put up with their ill treatment, and pay the piper into the bargain. Surely there must be something in his book *very extraordinary*, a *something* they cannot digest, thus to excite the wrath and ire of those hot-brained mason-bit gentry! But however unwilling he may have been to publish *all* the letters and messages received on this occasion, yet he cannot be so deficient in returning the compliment as to conceal *one*, which, notwithstanding the threatenings contained in it, appears to be written with very little meaning; and he has (*sans ceremonie*) ventured to publish it *verbatim*.

"For R. S. at Mr. Wm. Nicholls, at the Paper Mill, St. Paul Church Yard, London.

"London.

"R. S.

"Try thee, prove thee, I shall find thee a scandalous stinking powcatt. Thou pretend's to have declared the truth of Masonry to the world, and as imposed a lye on the public, not in one part, but in all parts thou mentions. I shall meet thee in a few days, and will give thee that satisfaction such a pike thonk scandalous villian deserves.'

"The original of this spirited letter, with the post-mark to authenticate it, is left in the hands of Mr. Nicoll, bookseller, in St.

Paul's Church Yard, the publisher, who has the author's leave to show it to any gentleman desirous of perusing so pretty an epistle; and strict orders are given the publisher to receive none for the future that are not post-paid.

"The author likewise presents his compliments to Mr. M'Dermott, Secretary, and thanks him for the pity and compassion he has so kindly shewn to his *widow and numerous family*, and begs him to alter that part of the Preface which mentions the author of *Jachin and Boaz* being dead sometime since, when he *reprints another edition of Ahiman Rezon*.

\* \* "Those gentlemen who so often send for *Jachin and Boaz*, and desire the publisher to tie it up in paper, and seal it carefully, that the messenger may not be acquainted with the contents of the parcel, may safely continue those sort of commissions, and the publisher will observe a strict compliance with their orders. "R. S.

"The origin of the society called Freemasons is said to have been a certain number of persons who formed a resolution to rebuild the Temple of Solomon. This clearly appears from the Lecture, or rather History, of the Order, at the making or raising of a member to the degree of Master, which is fully described in the following work.

"But I am inclined to think, that the chief design of the establishment is to rectify the heart, inform the mind, and promote the moral and social virtues of humanity, decency, and good order, as much as possible in the world; and some of the emblems of the Freemasons confirm this opinion, such as the compass, rule, square, &c.

"In all countries where Masonry is practised, or established at this time, there is a Grand Master; but formerly there was only one Grand Master, and he was an Englishman. Lord Blaney is the person on whom this dignity or title is now bestowed, who governs all the lodges in Great Britain, and has the authority or power of delivering the constitution and laws of the Society to the Masters who preside over the subordinate Assemblies; which constitutions must always be signed by the Grand Secretary of the Order. The Grand Master can also hold a meeting or lodge as often as he thinks proper, which is generally the second Saturday in every month in the summer; but oftener in the winter.

"The other lodges meet regularly twice a month in the winter half-year, and once a month in the summer; and the members of each lodge pay quarterly, from 3s. 6d. to 5s. into the hands of the Treasurer; and this generally defrays the expense of their meetings.

"There are also quarterly communications or meetings held, at which are present the Master and Wardens of every regular constitution in London, and the adjacent parts, where the several lodges send, by the said wardens, different sums of money to be paid into the hands of the Treasurer-General, and appropriated to such charitable uses as the Grand Master, and the masters of the different lodges under him, think proper; but these charities are chiefly confined to masons only. Such as have good recommenda-



tions as to their behaviour and character, will be assisted with five, ten, or twenty pounds; and less sums are distributed to the indigent brethren, in proportion to their wants, and the number of years they have been members. At these quarterly communications, large sums are likewise sent from lodges in the most remote parts of the world, viz., in the East and West Indies, and accounts transmitted of the growth of Masonry there. The state of the funds of the society are likewise communicated to the company, and the deliberation of the meeting taken down by the Secretary, who lays them before the Grand Master at the yearly meeting.

"The number of members which compose a lodge is indeterminate; but it is not a lodge, except there are present one Master, three Fellow-crafts, and two Apprentices.

"When a lodge is met, there are two principal offices under the Master, called senior and junior Wardens, whose business is to see the laws of the society strictly adhered to, and the word of command given by the Grand Master, regularly followed.

"It must be remarked, that the authority of a Master, though chief of the lodge, reaches no farther than he is himself an observer of the laws; should he infringe them, the brethren never fail to censure him; and if this has no effect, they have a power of deposing him, on appealing to the Grand Master, and giving their reasons for it. But they seldom proceed to this extremity.

"As no doubt the reader chooses to be made acquainted with every circumstance of the ceremony of making a brother, I shall begin with the following directions, and proceed regularly in the description of what further concerns Masonry.

"A man desirous of becoming a Freemason, should endeavour to get acquainted with a member of some good lodge, who will propose him as a candidate for admission the next lodge-night. The brother who proposes a new member, is likewise obliged to acquaint the brethren of the qualifications of the candidate.\* Upon this it is debated whether or not he shall be admitted; and it being carried in the affirmative, the next step is to go with the proposer the ensuing lodge-night.

"You are to suppose the evening come when a lodge is to be held, which generally begins about seven in the winter, and nine in summer; proper notices having been sent to the members for this purpose. The masons are punctual to the time; and it frequently happens, that, in half an hour, the whole lodge, to the number of fifty or sixty, are assembled.

"The Master, the two Assistants, Secretary, and Treasurer, begin with putting over their necks a blue ribbon of a triangular shape; to the master's ribbon hangs a rule and compass, which is in some lodges made of gold, though in others only gilt; the Assistants, senior Wardens, and the other officers, carry the compass alone.

"The candles that are upon the table are always placed in the

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\* "For the good of this, and all other societies, it were to be wished a more strict regard was paid, on the part of the proposers, to the character and morals of the candidates."

form of a triangle; and in the best lodges the candlesticks are finely carved with allegorical figures, and put in a triangular form. Every brother has an apron, made of a white skin; and the strings are also of skin; though some of them choose to ornament them with blue ribbon. On the grand days, such as quarterly communications, or general meetings, the grand officers' aprons are finely decorated, and they carry the rule and compass, the emblems of the order.

"When they sit down to the table, the Master seats himself in the first place on the east side, the Bible being opened before him, with the compasses laid thereon, and the points of them covered with a lignum vitæ or box square; and the senior and junior Wardens opposite to him on the west and south. On the table are likewise placed different sorts of wine, punch, &c., to regale the brethren, who take their places according to their degree or seniority. Being thus seated, after a few minutes, the Master proceeds to\* open the lodge in the following manner:—

"HOW TO OPEN A LODGE, AND SET THE MEN TO WORK.

"*Master to the Junior Deacon.*—What is the chief care of a mason?"

"*Ans.*—To see that the lodge is tyled.

"*Mas.*—Pray do your duty.

"The junior deacon gives three knocks at the door; and if nobody is nigh, the tyler† on the other side of the door answereth, by giving three knocks. Then the junior deacon tells the master, by saying:—

"*Ans.*—Worshipful, the lodge is tyled.

"*Mas.*—Pray where is the junior deacon's place in the lodge?

"*Ans.*—At the back of the senior warden; or at his right hand, if he permits him.

"*Mas.*—Your business there?

"*Ans.*—To carry messages from the senior to the junior warden, so that they may be dispersed round the lodge.

"*Master to the Senior Deacon.*—Pray where is the senior deacon's place in the lodge?

"*Ans.*—At the back of the master; or at his right hand, if he permits.

"*Mas.*—Your business there?

"*Ans.*—To carry messages from the master to the senior warden.

"*Mas.*—The junior warden's place in the lodge?

"*Ans.*—In the south.

"*Master to the Junior Warden.*—Why in the south?

"*Ans.*—The better to observe the sun at high meridian, to call the men off from work to refreshment, and to see that they come on in due time, that the master may have pleasure and profit thereby.

"*Mas.*—Pray where is the senior warden's place in the lodge?

\* "To open a lodge, in masonry signifies, that it is allowed to speak publicly of the mysteries of the order."

† "A tyler is properly no more than a guard or centinel, placed at the lodge door, to give the sign when any one craves admittance, that the wardens, or other proper person, may come out and examine him; but he is always one of the brethren."

"*Ans.*—In the west.

"*Master to the Senior Warden.*—Your business there, brother.

"*Ans.*—As the sun sets in the west to close the day, so the senior warden stands in the west to close the lodge, to pay the men their wages, and dismiss them from their labour.

"*Mas.*—The master's place in the lodge?

"*Ans.*—In the east.

"*Mas.*—His business there.

"*Ans.*—As the sun rises in the east to open the day, so the master stands in the east to open his lodge, and set his men to work.

"Then the master takes off his hat, and declares the lodge open as follows:—'This lodge is open, in the name of holy St. John, forbidding all cursing, swearing, or whispering, and all profane discourse whatever, under no less penalty than what the majority shall think proper.'

"The master then gives three knocks upon the table with a wooden hammer, and puts on his hat, the other brethren being uncovered. Then they sit down and drink promiscuously, or take a pipe of tobacco.

"Soon after, the master asks if the Gentleman proposed last lodge night, is ready to be made; and, on being answered in the affirmative, he orders the wardens to go out and prepare the person, who is generally waiting in a room at some distance from the lodge room, by himself, being left there by his friend who proposed him. He is conducted into another room, which is totally dark, and then asked whether he is conscious of having the vocation necessary to be received? On answering Yes, he is asked his name, surname, and profession. When he has answered these questions, whatever he has about him made of metal is taken off, as buckles, buttons, rings, &c., and even the money in his pocket taken away.\* Then they make him uncover his right knee, and put his left foot, with his shoe on, into a slipper,† hoodwink him with a handkerchief, and leave him to his reflection for about half an hour. The chamber is also guarded within and without by some of the brethren, who have drawn swords in their hands, to keep off all strangers, in case any should dare to approach. The person who proposed the candidate stays in the room with him, but they are not permitted to ask any questions, or converse together.

"During this silence, and while the candidate is preparing, the brethren in the lodge are putting every thing in order for his reception there; such as drawing a figure on the floor, at the upper part of the room, which is generally done with chalk, or chalk and charcoal intermixed, though some lodges use tape and little nails to form it, which prevents any mark or sign on the floor. It is drawn east and west. The master stands in the east, with the square hanging at his breast, the Holy Bible opened at the Gospel of St.

\* "In some lodges they are so exact in this respect, that they oblige the candidate to pull off his clothes, if there be lace on them."

† "This is not practised in every lodge, some only slipping the heel of the shoe down."



John, and three lighted tapers are placed in the form of a triangle in the midst of the drawing on the floor.

"The proposer then goes and knocks three times at the door of the grand apartment, in which the reception is to be performed; the master answers within by three strokes of the hammer, and the junior warden asks, 'Who comes there?' The candidate answers (after one who prompts him) 'One who begs to receive part of the benefit of this right worshipful lodge, dedicated to St. John, as many brothers and fellows have done before me.' The doors are then opened, and the senior and junior wardens, or their assistants, receive him, one on the right and the other on the left, and conduct him blindfold three times\* round the drawing on the floor, and brings him up to the foot of it, with his face to the master,† the brethren ranging themselves in order on each side, and making an odd noise by striking on the attributes of the order, which they carry in their hands.‡

"The figure of the three degrees is then drawn on the floor, the entered apprentice kneeling on the left knee. It is most commonly drawn with chalk and charcoal; and as soon as the ceremony of making is over, the new-made mason (though ever so great a gentleman) must take a mop from a pail of water, and wash it out. In some lodges they use red tape and nails to form it, which prevents any mark or stain on the floor, as with chalk.

"The reader is to understand, that after this figure is washed out, they sit at the table in the same form, as near as possible; the new member being placed the first night on the master's right hand.

"When this part of the ceremony is ended, the master, who stands at the upper end, facing the foot or steps of the drawing on the floor, behind an arm-chair, asks the following question:—Whether you have a desire to become a mason, and if it is of your own free will and choice? Upon which the candidate answers, Yes. 'Let him see the light,' says the master. They then take the handkerchief from his eyes, and whilst they are so doing, the brethren form a circle round him, with their swords drawn in their hands, the points of which are presented to his breast. The ornaments borne by the officers, the glittering of the swords, and a fantastic appearance of the brethren in white aprons, altogether creates great surprise, especially to a person who for above an hour has been fatigued with the bandage over his eyes; and his uncertainty concerning what is further to be done for his reception, must, no doubt, throw his mind into great perplexity.§

"The candidate is then directed to advance three times to a stool

\* "In some lodges the candidates are led nine times round; but as this is very tiresome to the person who is to undergo the operation, his patience being pretty well tried by being blinded so long beforehand, it is very justly omitted."

† "Many lodges throw a fine powder, or rosin on the floor, which, together with the extraordinary illumination of the room, has a pretty effect, even though the person is blindfold."

‡ "This custom is not observed in all lodges."

§ "The ancient masons made use of a prayer inserted in the apprentice's lecture, but the moderns leave it out when they make a brother."

at the foot of the arm-chair ; he is taught to step in a proper manner by one of the assistants. Upon the stool are placed the rule and compass ; and one of the brethren says to the candidate to this effect : ‘ You are now entering into a respectable society, which is more serious and important than you imagine. It admits of nothing contrary to law, religion, or morality ; nor does it allow of any thing inconsistent with the allegiance due to his Majesty ; the worshipful Grand Master will inform you of the rest.’\*

“ As soon as the speaker has ended his speech, he is desired to put his right knee upon the stool, which is bare, as mentioned above,† and his left foot is put into a slipper, with the shoe on, or the shoe slipped at the heel to represent a slipper.

“ The candidate being in this posture, the worshipful Grand Master addresses him to the following effect :—‘ Do you promise never to tell, write, or disclose, in any manner whatever, the secrets of freemasonry and freemasons, except to a brother at the lodge, and in the presence of the worshipful Grand Master ?’ On which the person says, ‘ I do.’ His breast is then opened,‡ and the point of a pair of compasses§ placed upon his naked left breast, and he himself holds it with his left hand, his right being laid upon the Gospel opened at St. John ; when the following oath is administered to him, he repeating it after the Master.

“ THE OATH.—‘ I, A. B., of my own free-will and accord, and in the presence of almighty God,|| and this right worshipful lodge, dedicated to St. John, do hereby and herein most solemnly swear that I will always hale, conceal and never reveal any of the secrets or mysteries of freemasonry, that shall be delivered to me now or at any time hereafter, except it be to a true and lawful brother, or in a just and lawful lodge of brothers and fellows, him or them whom I shall find to be such, after just trial and due examination. I furthermore do swear, that I will not write it, print it, cut it, paint it, stint it, mark it, stain or engrave it, or cause so to be done, upon any thing moveable or immoveable, under the canopy of heaven, whereby it may become legible or intelligible, or the least

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\* “ It is here to be understood, that in different lodges this speech varies ; as also do the forms of making in some respects, which may be seen in the entered apprentice’s lecture, where the only proper and ancient method is clearly pointed out. Some make long and insipid harangues, the extravagant jargon of which has given just reason of complaint to the judicious.”

† “ The ancient custom was thus : The candidate, though kneeling on his right knee, should have his left foot in the air ; but this position appears troublesome, so that it is omitted in most lodges.”

‡ “ This is done lest a woman should offer herself ; and though many women are as flat-chested as some men, and brethren are generally satisfied with a *slight* inspection, I would advise them to be more cautious, for it is probable that a woman, with a tolerable degree of effrontery and spirit, may one time or other slip into their order for want of *necessary prudence*. If we believe the Irish, there is a lady at this time in Ireland, who has gone through the whole ceremony, and is as good a mason as any of them.”

§ “ The ancients used a sword or spear, instead of the compass.”

|| “ The form of the oath differs in many lodges, though this is the strictest in use ; and in some societies, instead of saying ‘ in the presence of Almighty God,’ it runs thus, ‘ I promise before the Great Architect of the universe,’ &c.”

appearance of the character of a letter, whereby the secret art may be unlawfully obtained. All this I swear, with a strong and steady resolution to perform the same, without any hesitation, mental reservation, or self-evasion of mind in me whatsoever, under no less penalty than to have my throat cut across, my tongue torn out by the root, and that to be buried in the sands of the sea at low-water mark, a cable's length from the shore, where the tide ebbs and flows twice in twenty-four hours. So help me God, and keep me steadfast in this my entered apprentice's obligation.' (*He kisses the book.*)

"When this is pronounced, the new-made member is taught the sign, grip, and pass-word of the entered apprentice, which will be seen more clearly in the following lecture belonging to that part of masonry.

"He is also learnt the step, how to advance to the master upon the drawing on the floor, which in some lodges resembles the grand building termed a mosaic palace, and is described with the utmost exactness. They also draw other figures, one of which is called the laced tuft, and the other the throne beset with stars. There is also represented a perpendicular line, in the form of a mason's instrument, commonly called the plumb-line; and another figure, which represents the tomb of Hiram, the first grand master who has been dead almost three thousand years. These are all explained to him in the most accurate manner, and the ornaments or emblems of the order are described with great facility. Then he is conducted back, and everything he was divested of, as mentioned at his entrance, is restored, and he takes his seat on the right hand of the Master. He also receives an apron, which he puts on, and the list of the lodges is likewise given him.

"The brethren now congratulate the new-made member, and all return to the table to regale themselves; when the Master proposes a health to the young brother, which is drank with the greatest applause by the whole body, the new mason sitting all the while. After which he, instructed by a brother, takes a bumper, and drinks 'To the worshipful Grand Master, the senior and junior wardens, the rest of the officers and members of the lodge, wishing them success in all their public and private undertakings, to masonry in general, and that lodge in particular, craving their assistance.' To which they answer, 'they will assist him.' After he has drank, he throws the glass from him, and brings it back three times, and then sets it down on the table, the rest doing the same in exact order. This they call firing: then they clap their hands nine times, divided into three, and stop between each, keeping true time."

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#### CHARTISM.\*

[MR. EMERSON, whom we some time ago introduced to our readers as one of our respondents from America, says, in his oration delivered before the Phi-Beta-Kappa Society, at Cambridge, in America (Au-

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\* By Thomas Carlyle. London: James Fraser, Regent Street.



gust 31st, 1837), "If there is any period one would desire to be born in, is it not in the age of revolution? when the old and the new stand side by side, and admit of being compared; when the energies of all men are searched by fear and by hope; when the historic glories of the old can be compensated by the rich possibilities of the new era? This time—like all times—is a very good one, if we knew what to do with it."

That this is an age of revolution it needed not the existence of Chartism to prove—but it remained for Chartism to indicate to us that this is the time of *our* French Revolution. This idea seems strongly to have impressed Thomas Carlyle, whose book we are about to review. "Since the year 1789, there is now half a century complete, and a French Revolution not yet complete. Whosoever will look at that enormous phenomenon, may find many meanings in it, but this meaning as the ground of all:—That it was a revolt of the oppressed lower classes against the oppressing or neglecting upper classes. Not a French Revolution only,—no, a European one; full of stern monition to all countries of Europe. These Chartisms, Radicalisms, Reform Bill, Tithe Bill, and infinite other discrepancy and acrid argument and jargon that there is yet to be are *our* French Revolution. God grant that we, with our better methods, may be able to transact it by argument alone."

It is now generally acknowledged that Chartism is a subject of deepest interest. When we first noticed the topic, the newspapers were casting all manner of ridicule upon it. The *Quarterly Review* in its last number has justified the opinion that we then expressed of the chartist epic of *Ernest*. The judicious critic sees in the political statements of that poem "much which might be attainable under a wise, strong, and paternal legislature—much which the sober statesman may consider worthy of serious consideration—much which may occupy the grave reflection of one whose deep and conscientious study is to make the people happy and virtuous; and, as far as is consistent with the well-being of society, and the fundamental principles of right, happy in their own way, and virtuous through the means which are accordant with their own desires. No one will doubt," he proceeds, "that there is much in our present social state to awaken the apprehension, the anxiety, the sorrow of all true lovers of their country. Our unexampled prosperity threatens us with a fearful reaction; a heavy payment appears likely to be exacted from us for our enormous wealth, for the unprecedented comfort, we will not say luxury, which is diffused through the upper and middling classes of society. Our productive energies have created and concentrated enormous masses of population, unsoftened by any of those feelings of kindness and charity which bind together, in some degree, the rich and poor in most of our rural districts. It is the dense masses of our manufacturing population, who have no intercourse with any of the higher orders but their employers; with the most miserable want of salutary control, with habits of improvidence, fostered by occasional periods of great gain, succeeded by times of indolence and total want of employment, uneducated, without churches, without

schools,—here is the part of our social state to the improvement of which all our energies of wise philanthropy should be directed. Before this appalling scene political faction ought to be silent: here, the voice of the people, declaring its own wants, should receive a patient hearing and dispassionate investigation; and no narrow jealousy should be allowed to stand in the way of any practical amelioration."

Mr. Thomas Carlyle, in the book before us, proposes two remedies for the evils here acknowledged—education and emigration. The first, a good enough remedy, perhaps, if we understood what what was meant by it; the other, an equivocal panacea—good enough probably for the race, but exceedingly inconvenient for the individual. Suppose the starving Chartist should say, I wish not to emigrate, I want the means of living in my native land. We proved, in our last leading article, that the labourer's patriotism was stronger than the rich man's; his love for his native soil—nay, for his native village—stronger than that of his landlord's, who may live on his rents in Paris or Rome; never see England at all, indeed, unless he likes. No,—no. Emigration is an evil to the working individual; and miseducation worse than no education at all.

We are far from thinking that Mr. Carlyle has sounded the causes of the revolutionary movement. He seems to think that all the discontent of English and Scotch arises from the influx of the Irish labourer. This, to be sure, is an inconvenience; but not the sole inconvenience. Besides, the peculiar characteristic of the Chartist insurrection is, that it arises not from the pressure of want, but is, in its more prominent members, the pure result of political doctrines. It is this which makes it of political importance. This is a point, however, which Mr. Carlyle sees clearly, and in which he has expressed himself after a manly fashion.

The history of Chartism in these times presents nothing mysterious to the philosophical inquirer; "especially," says Mr. Carlyle, "if that of radicalism be looked at. All along, for the last five-and-twenty years, it was curious to note how the internal discontent of England struggled to find vent for itself through *any* orifice: the poor patient, all sick from centre to surface, complains now of this member, now of that;—corn-laws, currency-laws, free-trade, protection, want of free-trade: the poor patient tossing from side to side, seeking a sound side to lie on, finds none. This doctor says, it is the liver; that other, it is the lungs, the head, the heart, defective transpiration in the skin. A thoroughgoing doctor of eminence said it was rotten boroughs; the want of extended suffrage to destroy rotten boroughs. From of old, the English patient himself had a continually recurring notion that this was it. The English people are used to suffrage; it is their panacea for all that goes wrong with them; they have a fixed-idea of suffrage. Singular enough: one's right to vote for a Member of Parliament, to send one's 'twenty-thousandth part of a master of tongue-fence to National Palaver,'—the Doctors asserted that this was Freedom, this and no other. It seemed credible to many men of high de-

gree and of low. The persuasion of remedy grew, the evil was pressing; Swing's ricks were on fire. Some nine years ago, a State-surgeon rose, and in peculiar circumstances said: Let there be extension of suffrage; let the great Doctor's nostrum, the patient's old passionate prayer be fulfilled!

"Parliamentary Radicalism, while it gave articulate utterance to the discontent of the English people, could not by its worst enemy be said to be without a function. If it is in the natural order of things that there must be discontent, no less so is it that such discontent should have an outlet, a Parliamentary voice. Here the matter is debated of, demonstrated, contradicted, qualified, reduced to feasibility;—can at least solace itself with hope, and die gently, convinced of *unfeasibility*. The New, Untried ascertains how it will fit itself into the arrangements of the Old; whether the Old can be compelled to admit it; how in that case it may, with the minimum of violence, be admitted. Nor let us count it an easy one, this function of Radicalism; it was one of the most difficult. The pain-stricken patient does, indeed, without effort groan and complain; but not without effort does the physician ascertain what it is that has gone wrong with him, how some remedy may be devised for him. And above all, if your patient is not one sick man, but a whole sick nation! Dingy dumb millions, grimed with dust and sweat, with darkness, rage and sorrow, stood round these men, saying, or struggling as they could to say: 'Behold, our lot is unfair; our life is not whole but sick; we cannot live under injustice; go ye and get us justice.' For whether the poor operative clamoured for Time-bill, Factory-bill, Corn-bill, for or against whatever bill, this was what he meant. All bills plausibly presented might have some look of hope in them, might get some clamour of approval from him; as, for the man wholly sick, there is no disease in the Nosology but he can trace in himself some symptoms of it. Such was the mission of Parliamentary Radicalism.

"How Parliamentary Radicalism has fulfilled this mission, entrusted to its management these eight years now, is known to all men. The expectant millions have set at a feast of the Barmecide; been bidden fill themselves with the imagination of meat. What thing has Radicalism obtained for them; what other than shadows of things has it so much as asked for them? Cheap Justice, Justice to Ireland, Irish Appropriation-Clause, Ratepaying Clause, Poor-Rate, Church-Rate, Household Suffrage, Ballot-Question, 'open' or shut: not things but shadows of things; Benthamite formulas; barren as the east wind! An Ultra-radical, not seemingly of the Benthamite species, is forced to exclaim: 'The people are at last wearied. They say, Why should we be ruined in our shops, thrown out of our farms, voting for these men? Ministerial majorities decline; this ministry has become impotent, had it even the will to do good. They have called long to us, We are a Reform Ministry; will ye not support *us*? We have supported them; borne them forward indignantly on our shoulders, time after time, fall after fall, when they had been hurled out into the street; and lay prostrate, helpless, like dead luggage. It is the fact of a Reform



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Ministry, not the name of one that we would support! Languor, sickness of hope deferred pervades the public mind; the public mind says at last, Why all this struggle for the name of a Reform Ministry? Let the tories be Ministry if they will; let at least some living reality be Ministry! A rearing horse that will only run backward, he is not the horse one would choose to travel on: yet of all conceivable horses the worst is the dead horse. Mounted on a rearing horse, you may back him, spur him, check him, make a little way even backwards: but seated astride of your dead horse, what chance is there for you in the chapter of possibilities? You sit motionless, hopeless, a spectacle to gods and men.'

"There is a class of revolutionists named *Girondins*, whose fate in history is remarkable enough! Men who rebel, and urge the Lower Classes to rebel, ought to have other than formulas to go upon. Men who discern in the misery of the toiling complaining millions not misery, but only a raw-material which can be wrought upon, and traded in, for one's own poor hidebound theories and egoisms; to whom millions of living fellow-creatures, with beating hearts in their bosoms, beating, suffering, hoping, are 'masses,' mere 'explosive masses for blowing down Bastilles with,' for voting at hustings for *us*: such men are of the questionable species! No man is justified in resisting by word or deed the Authority he lives under, for a light cause, be such Authority what it may. Obedience, little as many may consider that side of the matter, is the primary duty of man. No man but is bound indefeasibly, with all force of obligation, to obey. Parents, teachers, superiors, leaders, these all creatures recognise as deserving obedience. Recognised or not recognised, a man *has* his superiors, a regular hierarchy above him; extending up, degree above degree; to Heaven itself and God the Maker, who made His world not for anarchy but for rule and order! It is not a light matter when the just man can recognise in the powers set over him no longer anything that is divine; when resistance against such becomes a deeper law of order than obedience to them; when the just man sees himself in the tragical position of a stirrer up of strife! Rebel, without due and most due cause, is the ugliest of words; the first rebel was Satan.—

"But now in these circumstances shall we blame the unvoting disappointed millions that they turn away with horror from this name of a Reform Ministry, name of a Parliamentary Radicalism, and demand a fact and reality thereof? That they too, having still faith in what so many had faith in, still count 'extension of the suffrage' the one thing needful; and say, in such manner as they can, Let the suffrage be still extended, *then* all will be well? It is the ancient British faith; promulgated in these ages by prophets and evangelists; preached forth from barrel-heads by all manner of men. He who is free and blessed has his twenty-thousandth part of a master of tongue-fence in National Palaver; who-soever is not blessed but unhappy, the ailment of him is that he has it not. Ought he not to have it then? By the law of God and of men, yea;—and will have it withal! Chartism, with its 'five points,' borne aloft on pikeheads and torchlight meetings, is there.



Chartism is one of the most natural phenomena in England. Not that Chartism now exists should provoke wonder; but that the invited hungry people should have sat eight years at such table of the Barmecide, patiently expecting somewhat from the Name of a Reform Ministry, and not till eight years have grown hopeless, this is the respectable side of the miracle."

This is a true phenomenal statement of the genius of Chartism—but there are higher and deeper things in Mr. Carlyle's book. A new era is commencing; and the one which has just been closed was one of Infidelity,—the shadow of which yet darkens the earth. Hear him on the latter point.

"Injustice, infidelity to truth and fact and Nature's order, being properly the one evil under the sun, and the feeling of injustice the one intolerable pain under the sun, our grand question as to the condition of these working men would be: Is it just? And first of all. What belief have they themselves formed about the justice of it? The words they promulgate are notable by way of answer; their actions are still more notable. Chartism with its pikes, Swing with his tinder-box, speak a most loud though inarticulate language. Glasgow Thuggery speaks aloud too, in a language we may well call infernal. What kind of 'wild justice' must it be in the hearts of these men that prompts them, with cold deliberation, in conclave assembled, to doom their brother workman, as the deserter of his order and his order's cause, to die as a traitor and deserter; and have him executed, since not by any public judge and hangman, then by a private one;—like your old Chivalry *Femgericht*, and Secret-Tribunal, suddenly in this strange guise become new; suddenly rise once more on the astonished eye, dressed now not in mail-shirts but in fustian jackets, meeting not in Westphalian forests but in the paved Gallowgate of Glasgow! Not loyal loving obedience to those placed above them, but a far other temper, must animate these men! It is frightful enough. Such temper must be wide-spread, virulent among the many, when even in its worst acme, it can take such a form in a few. But indeed decay of loyalty in all senses, disobedience, decay of religious faith, has long been noticeable and lamentable in this largest class, as in other smaller ones. Revolt, sullen revengeful humour of revolt against the upper classes, decreasing respect for what their temporal superiors command, decreasing faith for what their spiritual superiors teach, is more and more the universal spirit of the lower classes. Such spirit may be blamed, may be vindicated; but all men must recognise it as extant there, all may know that it is mournful, that unless altered it will be fatal. Of lower classes so related to upper, happy nations are not made! To whatever other griefs the lower classes labour under, this bitterest and sorest grief now superadds itself: the unendurable conviction that they are unfairly dealt with, that their lot in this world is not founded on right, not even on necessity and might, is neither what it should be, nor what it shall be."

A new era will have new ideas, which compose its especial revelation. The strong desire for political regeneration so nobly sung

in *Ernest* should be reverently considered. The insurrections that accompany new manifestations are ineligible enough, yet they should not be too bitterly condemned. "Our age," says Emerson — (we are quoting so much, that we are afraid this will be found a paper of *citation*,—but *n'importe*—the fact will show that we have authority to back us, at any rate) — "Our age is bewailed as the age of Introversion. Must that needs be evil? We, it seems, are critical. We are embarrassed with second thoughts. We cannot enjoy anything for hankering to know whereof the pleasure consists. We are lined with eyes. We see with our feet. The time is infected with Hamlet's unhappiness,

‘Sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought.’

Is it so bad then? Light is the last thing to be pitied. Would we be blind? Do we fear lest we should outsee nature and God, and drink truth dry? I look upon the discontent of the literary class, as a mere announcement of the fact, that they find themselves not in the state of their fathers, and repel the coming state as untried, as a boy dreads the water before he has learned that he can swim."

What says Mr. Emerson of the discontent of the literary class! Is there Chartism there? Look to the poem of *ERNEST*! How much too of Chartist discontent arises from the lecturing and pamphleteering on the productive classes, and an equitable distribution of the wealth that they create? How much of the literary discontent may be owing to the insufficient market for literary ware? Take our word for it, the peace of England will never be secure until the literary mind is at ease. Literature should be made a profession, and have its honours and emoluments. In nine-tenths of its followers, it is now the world's enemy, because the world is its enemy; and when it prospers, prospers in antagonism to good manners, and not in support of good morals. It has declared war against whatever exists, that it may have a chance itself of existing.

The high-souled and free-spirited writer has to bide his time—has to fight a battle with the world, amidst delays and disappointment, that would break the heart of less generously-constituted men. To what is called the public they appeal, year after year, in vain; so far as the public is concerned, the dish of which they feed is the chameleon's, it is from the few only that they receive an assurance of future fame; and as for their subsistence, they must depend on private fortune or private bounty. Under such circumstances, the intellectual man pursues the paths of literature which are more crowded with customers—he pleads *to* instead of *for* the multitude—and the result is the subversion of social order which may precede political regeneration; but was certainly as little expedient as it was needed for the end, which, in all cases, it has delayed instead of helping.

It is not only with these conditions that the literary mind is dissatisfied, but with the inner state of literature itself, and with those moral and intellectual results which it expresses. It is dissatisfied with the methods and products of scientific and ethical inquiry—

with the disciplines and doctrines of the school, of the porch, and of the temple. There is a yearning for something practical beyond all the jargon of metaphysics and physics—for a realisation of some divine idea, which shall be the original unity of which they are all varieties; so that the conflicting elements of strife may be reconciled for man's mind now and for ever. This yearning, however, meets with opposition from authority in every quarter, always jealous of new inspirations, and inducing doubt of all inspiration, by raising the question whether Deity has perpetually provided for the sustenance of the human spirit a wine always new; and, if so, whether it shall be received out of new bottles, or whether nothing but old wine, out of old bottles, remains to be partaken. Mr. Emerson, like Mr. Carlyle, is very energetic on this point. He complains, that "the moral nature—that law of laws, whose revelations introduce greatness, yea, God himself, into the open soul—is not explored as the fountain of the established teaching in society. Men have come to speak of the revelation, as somewhat long ago given and done, as if God were dead. The injury to faith throttles the preacher; and the goodliest of institutions becomes an uncertain and inarticulate voice."

These claims will have to be settled for the literary mind before it will be in a self-satisfied state; and it must then proceed to modify, by its influence, the public taste, before the external conditions of literary operation can become what they should be. Literature has always had much to do with all revolutions, and ought, in fact, to be taken as the general exponent of their causes. Every literary man is the representative of a large constituency—some, of the whole human race. So large is the sympathy and the knowledge bestowed on the favoured ones of genius. It becomes important, then, that the state of literature should be especially cared for—a neglect of it may lead to the ruin of a country. Before Chartism arose to assert the claims of productive labour, books had been written and theories propounded to the vulgar apprehension, for the better distribution of the property thus created. Nay, it has been demonstrated, that, could but all men agree upon it, the maker of elegancies and comforts might also be their enjoyer—and, that by fair arrangement, the work of the world might be so divided, as to give to each man those opportunities of leisure, without which the spirit of wisdom in man cannot be cultivated. What follows, then, but that, for the working out of this idea, all men shall be compelled by force, if they will not consent willingly, to agree? Hence arises the doctrine of physical force and its consequences—a hopeless experiment, as moral force is the only power that can perform the important business which is advertised for doing. Moral power say we? Nay, only the Divine interference can initiate the predicated political millennium. How desirable it is, the hopes and wishes of all men abundantly testify—nay, the idea of it has been implanted for the wisest of purposes in the human reason—but its earthly realisation has never been witnessed by the senses; nor can human society on earth at any period of time give us more than a symbol of what it is. The idea, in fact, iden-



tifies itself with that sublime dissatisfaction with all earthly things and arrangements, that so strongly indicates the immortality of the human soul. This consideration points at the remedy for all social evils: each man must make the best of the inconveniences into which he has entered by being born into a mortal state. This great evil subdued, the minor ills which grow out of it will subside of themselves. Let *each* man, therefore, reform himself, and every man cherish benevolence for his fellow, and each class of men goodwill for every other class, whether above or below. The universal practice of charity is the only panacea for the evil of all times and all places. Not war, but peace—not enmity, but love—is the only way of redemption for man, whether socially or individually related.

That the period is approaching when this principle will be universally acknowledged and acted on all things indicate. Men are wearied of the competitive principle in trade, and of merchandizing on their mutual necessities instead of their reciprocal spontaneities. Such a period, however, is possible—but it must be the result of individual reform, prior to any great social movement. Political representation conducted in this way may proceed without danger either to church or state—say, rather, to the better and further establishment of both.

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## LAW AND LAWYERS.

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HAVE we any reader who would wish to be thoroughly initiated in that noblest of all sciences—the science of humanity—our advice to him is—“Study the Law.” But, reflecting and pondering deeply on the character which *THE MONTHLY* has acquired for the philosophy which contemplates man as its only worthy object, we are led to believe, that not here and there one amongst our readers, but that the preponderating part—nay, we may say the entirety itself, is imbued with a noble enthusiasm to discover the characteristics and relations of that august embodiment—man.

Shall we, then, say to so great a mass as that with which much delectation, no less to us-ward than itself, peruses our columns—“Study the Law?” “Gude guide us!” What court would be of dimensions sufficiently capacious to contain the immense bar. The Queen’s Bench must sit in the Hall of Westminster literally and truly, and not in a snug apartment on the right hand side. Palace Yard itself would perhaps form a site sufficiently extensive for the administration of justice by the Chancery courts. Three large awnings might be erected, and sure we are that the fresh breeze from the Thames, stealing through the folds, would oftentimes pleasantly greet the blanched cheek of the anxious advocate.

Moreover, on a sudden to throng the British bar with a body of *à priori* philosophers, would be attended with serious inconveniences. A great change would be requisite in the mental organisation of jurors, before the arguments of the new school could come within the scope of their understanding. Fancy the bewildered astonishment of twelve men listening to the following defence of a prisoner arraigned for murder:—

“Gentlemen,—THE IDEA is progressive in humanity. The Idea informs humanity, and conscience is but the information of the Idea. States of conscience are, moreover, informations of conscience. Now, gentlemen, I lay down this proposition, as an axiom in legal ethics, that man’s responsibility is to be measured by the extent of conscious information in his being. A man cannot sin without violating a law. If the law be not promulgated in his existence, it is impossible for him to violate it. Conscious informations are the promulgations of the law, symbolised only by legislative codes. Now, what is the necessary sequence of the premises? The necessary sequence is, that the law was, so far as my client is concerned, unpromulgated; and therefore he must be acquitted of its alleged violation. Had the conscious informations been developed in his nature he could not have committed the murder for which he stands arraigned at the bar. The fact that he did commit it is of itself evidence that the idea and its manifestation remained undeveloped in his moral existence. And shall he be punished for non-attention to a monitor not yet born within his bosom? No; Heaven forefend! Leave him to go free and unscathed. His humanity is pregnant with the goodness which it will hereafter bring forth. Annihilate not the blessedness hastening to its birth by the destruction of the womb which contains it.”

For our part we think the age is not sufficiently advanced duly to appreciate this order of pleading. We, therefore, retract our advice to our transcendental readers. We would not have them study the law. Natheless, by way of compromise, we would recommend them to study *the lawyers*. Our lawyers are the proxies of humanity. They are the great representatives of individual interests. It is in the chambers of the attorney and the barrister that the true history of our nature is chronicled. In the temple, the knee may be bent by the mere formalist—by the fireside, a man’s domestic conduct may be the mere offering to conventional morality—but to the professional adviser, sworn to secrecy not more by honour than by necessity, the client unveils his genuine character. His ambition, his revenge, his affections, his hopes, freed from all terror of exposure, find in the lawyer’s cabinet their true sphere of development. The lawyer incorporates, therefore, with his own specific qualities as a man, the qualities of his clients in his representative capacity; our lawyers are, therefore, the epitome of humanity.

Whoever would study our lawyers will find available materials for so doing in the volumes before us. To the investigator of character “*Law and Lawyers*” will be found a most welcome companion. The author, whoever he may be, evinces much acuteness and thought in the commentaries, which he judiciously mingles with his narrative. His sketches are graphic and varied; and although, from the number of names introduced, they are somewhat brief, the individuality, which is the chief charm of portraiture, has been well preserved. The humorous and the grave alternate throughout the volumes with very pleasing effect. To readers who have any high

aim in their studies, a compilation like this, detailing the idiosyncracies and characteristics of men who have actually *lived*, will be far more attractive than the mere imaginative creatures of the novelist. We extract the following sketch of Sir Vicary Gibbs:—

“Sir Vicary Gibbs, or, as he has been nicknamed, Sir *Vinegar* Gibbs, although his career was not such as to bring him within the scope of our chapter on ‘early struggles,’ was, in the truest sense of the words, the child of his own deeds. Born the son of an Exeter apothecary, his success arose in no degree from his family connexions; but we are not informed that he suffered at any period of his life any of those sad privations through which so many of our eminent lawyers have passed. He abstained from all the amusements of town during his pupilage, devoting himself wholly to the study of his profession. He practised for nearly twelve years under the bar, rising slowly into notice. After his call he came into a very considerable practice, especially in mercantile cases, to the law of which he had particularly devoted himself. He was first brought into public notice by his holding a brief under Erskine, in the trials of Hardy and Horne Tooke for high treason, in 1794; and succeeded, together with his leader, in obtaining a verdict of ‘not guilty.’ It was at Horne Tooke’s special request that Gibbs was engaged on this occasion; for Tooke was well aware that his case might need not only an eloquent advocate, but also a good lawyer; and that however admirably Erskine would perform the part of the former, he was by no means equally qualified for the latter. In his reply, Erskine warmly acknowledged the assistance he had received from Gibbs. ‘I stood here,’ he said, ‘not alone, indeed, but firmly and ably supported by my honourable, excellent, and learned friend.’ Here he was interrupted by a noise in the court. ‘I am too much used to public life,’ he continued, ‘to be at all disconcerted by any of these little accidents, and indeed, I am rather glad that any interruption gives me the opportunity of repeating a sentiment so very dear to me. I stood up here, not alone, but ably and manfully supported by this excellent friend who sits by me.’ In 1805, Gibbs was made solicitor-general, and afterwards attorney-general. His attorney-generalship was chiefly distinguished by the number of ex-officio informations which he filed against the press. Within three years he filed informations against seventy persons, while in the thirty years preceding 1791, only seventy persons had been prosecuted altogether. Sir Richard Philips, (so writes Sir Richard himself) was witness in a cause, in which Sir Vicary asserted, in his coarse way, that if any publisher bought a book, without consulting reviews in regard to former works of the same author, he was the greatest fool in Christendom, and ought not to be allowed to walk about without a keeper. Sir Richard, however, said he never read them. A few days afterwards, they were in the drawing-room at St. James’s. Sir Vicary Gibbs, at a great distance across a crowd of heads, recognised the sheriff by a continuance of cordial salutations, which were at first gravely received, and not returned; but in a few minutes he bustled through the throng, and held out his hand: the sheriff smiled, and remarked, that, after all which had passed in the papers, it was strange to see them in that attitude. ‘Pshaw! sir; do you think I regard newspapers?’ ‘Yet,’ rejoined Sir Richard, ‘you have as great an interest in them as a publisher in reviews.’ ‘You are right, you are right, sir; but you must not expect a pleader to be always logical; the man must be distinguished from the advocate. I hope we are friends, and shall continue so.’ Waspish and restless as was Gibbs’s temper, in this instance his anxiety to become reconciled with that most conceited of Pythagoreans showed a right spirit.

“Sir Vicary was decidedly deficient in the organ of facetiousness, if such a term has been yet adopted into the nomenclature of phrenology. The following anecdote will show what success attended his efforts to be funny. A clergyman, who was refused a licence to a lectureship by his diocesan, because



he had preached against infant baptism, applied to the King's Bench for a mandamus; and filed affidavits, that such was the effect upon others that they immediately had children baptized, in whose case the ceremony had been omitted. This denial reminded him, the attorney-general observed, of a nurse, who, in cutting some bread and butter for a child, happened to let the bread fall, and exclaimed in a pet, 'rot the loaf;' the child reported the exclamation to the mother, when the nurse not only denied the words, but declared she had said, 'bless the bread.' Gibbs, although an admirable advocate where clear logical statements and mere ingenuity were required, was not sufficiently acquainted with the world to be effective in cases where feelings were to be appealed to and sympathies excited. He said once, 'What can a girl of seventeen know of love? It is preposterous to suppose such a thing possible!' His studious habits in the early part of his life had debarred him from the opportunity of acquiring much knowledge on this subject. When he appeared as prosecutor in a case arising out of a riot in a theatre, Mr. Scarlet complained that he had not made sufficient allowance for the impatience of an audience, imputing this to his ignorance of theatrical matters. It was with some warmth Gibbs repelled the imputation, and gravely asserted that he *had been* in a theatre when a young man. Towards attorneys Gibbs nourished feelings akin to anything but christian charity. He used to call them the prowling jackals—the predatory pilot-fish of the law. Once, while addressing the court in an action, in which the attorney of one of the parties had played a very disreputable part, Gibbs suddenly exclaimed, looking at his victim, 'Does any of you want a dirty job to be done? There stands Mr. Channing, the attorney, ready to do it.' The judge stopped him; but Gibbs would not desist. 'I will not be silenced? the fellow deserves to be exposed, and I will expose him.'

"While on the circuit, an attorney, late one night, brought him a heavy brief. Gibbs snatched it from his hand. 'Is all this evidence?' he enquired, in a sharp quick tone. 'No, sir, forty pages are my observations,' was the reply. 'Point out your observations.' It was done, and Gibbs, tearing out the sheets, thrust them into the fire, and, looking the attorney maliciously in the face, exclaimed, 'There go your observations!' Towards the bar he did not show a very courteous spirit. At consultations with his brethren, after stating his own view of the case, he went through the ceremony of asking their opinions, but took care to let them know he held it a ceremony only, and that his mind was made up. In court his demeanour was not much more gracious. Upon one occasion he received a severe, but well-merited reproof, for his assuming and contemptuous bearing. Mr. Topping was retained as counsel against him; and, disgusted with the presumptuous and overbearing tone of Gibbs, adverted to it most severely in his address to the jury, summoning up his observations with the well-known lines—

'He doth bestride the narrow world  
Like a Colossus; and we petty men  
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about  
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.'

"The tone and gesture with which this was delivered and enforced, is not to be described. On the bench, Sir Vicary Gibbs is said to have shown greater mildness of character, and to have in some measure renounced that habit of snarling and cavilling while at the bar, which detracted from his usefulness as an advocate, and his credit as a man."

Our next quotation, and the only one for which we have room, is from the author's portrait of Lord Eldon.

"His manner to the bar was bland and agreeable. 'I admit, freely and cordially,' said his great antagonist, who has since sat on the woolsack, 'that of all the judges before whom I have practised—and I have practised much—he is out of all comparison, and beyond all doubt, by much the most

agreeable to the practitioners, by the amenity of his manners, and the intuitive quickness of his mind. A more kindly disposed judge to all the professional men who practise in his court, never, perhaps, existed.' His wit and good humour made him popular amongst the bar. When a young counsel moved for an injunction against digging up pasture land, and sowing it with wheat, or any other *pernicious crop*, Lord Eldon replied, 'You may take your injunction; but, in the north, we are not in the habit of calling wheat a *pernicious crop*.' 'Your lordship,' once said Sir C. Wetherell, 'cannot be supposed to be a great strategist; it is no disparagement to say that you have not the army list by heart.' 'No, Sir Charles,' replied the chancellor, smiling, 'I know nothing of military matters; all my acquaintance is with the Lincoln's-inn volunteers.' Sir James Graham, the solicitor, was at one time engaged in a great many private and other bills, and was frequently intrusted with the office of carrying them up from the lower to the upper house. One evening Sir James came up to the bar no less than twelve times, with twelve separate bills. Twelve times was the chancellor compelled to come down to the bar, purse in hand, to receive the bills. On the twelfth time, Lord Eldon said to the solicitor, 'What! have you got another? When I used to know you first, you used to be called *Jem Graham*, but now we'll call you *Bill Graham*!' He would suffer, however, no undue familiarity. On one occasion he delivered judgment in a cause which had been on the paper so long, that its history had been wholly forgotten. When he had concluded, Mr. Heald said, 'I know I was in this case, but whether judgment is for me or against me I have not at this distance of time the most distant conception.' 'I have a glimmering notion that it is for me,' said Mr. Horne. Lord Eldon checked the conversation, by desiring, in a grave tone, that counsel would not make him the subject of their observations. It is said that Lord Eldon behaved towards solicitors in his private room, almost as though they were his equals. 'You never gave me a brief,' he said once to one of them; 'how was that?' 'Yes but I did,' replied the solicitor, not very courteously. 'Nay, nay, but I am satisfied of the contrary, and *I must* be the best judge on such a point.' He then proceeded to express a conviction hostile to the solicitor's case, who rudely exclaimed, 'Your lordship is decidedly wrong. I'll have your decision reversed in the lords.' 'Perhaps, Mr. L——,' said the chancellor, rising, 'you had better take this chair, and pronounce judgment there.' Both George III., and his son and successor, were extremely attached to Lord Eldon. When Prince Regent, the latter once desired 'Old Bags,' as he was fond of calling his faithful chancellor, to be sent for. A short time afterwards, the late Mr. Bankes, the member for Dorsetshire, entered the room with a look of peculiar complacency, but was shocked at discovering, by the prince's manner, that his appearance had not been expected. He then stated that he had come in consequence of a command to that effect, sent him from his royal highness. 'Oh! I see,' said the prince, laughing, 'they have confounded the name. It was not *Old Bankes* I had sent for.' 'The fine old English gentleman' had informed every one he met on his way to the palace, that the regent had sent for him, and this, no doubt, aggravated his embarrassment when he had discovered the mistake.

"The old king would not listen to his favourite chancellor when he wished, on account of frequent headaches, to dispense with the full-bottomed wig proper to the chancellor. Lord Eldon urged that the wig was a modern fashion, and was only part of the full dress of the court of Charles II. 'That is very true,' said the king, 'but before that time judges wore long beards. I will consent to your giving up the wig, if you will wear the beard instead!'" The same

"\* An accurate and well-informed friend informs us, on the authority of Dr. Ryder, a brother-in-law of Lord Eldon's, that it was Lady Eldon that objected to the wig. He tells us that George Colman, once looking at the chancellor arrayed in his full 'law costume,' exclaimed, 'How the wig becomes the chancellor! His head seems made to wear that wig.' Fuseli, seeing a portrait of Eldon in Sir T. Lawrence's

good old king, when hunting near Windsor, came in at the death of a stag which had not afforded much sport, while another out of the same herd had given him a good run a few days before. 'Ah!' said the king, 'there are not often two Scotts in the same family.'\*

"Of Lord Eldon's political career more is known by the public than of his legal character. Lord Eldon was a Tory. He was born before reform came into fashion and aptitude for change was held at once the title and the passport to political power. With him loyalty was a principle—firm, unchanging, undissembled. It was more than a principle, it was a passion; the sentiments of his heart concurring with the judgment of his head.

"Lord Eldon was exceedingly liked in society for his unassuming and agreeable deportment. A friend has communicated to us the following anecdote in reference to this trait of his character. We believe that it has not been published before:—

"He appeared one day at the drawing-room with the seals of office newly gilt, and making a very gay appearance. In each corner of the bag was the head of a cherub. A gentleman observing to him, how prettily the corner studdings became it, the kind-hearted nobleman observed, in his good-humoured manner, 'I should like them better if they were four pretty ladies' heads.'

"Nothing, in short, could exceed the liveliness and amenity of his manners. A short time before his death he stopped for the night at a country inn, where he accidentally learnt that two young barristers were then staying. Although they were personally unknown to him, he sent them his compliments and an invitation to dinner. The invitation was joyfully accepted, and the guests expressed themselves afterwards delighted beyond measure with the evening they passed with the sexagenarian ex-chancellor. He related to them many anecdotes of his 'early struggles,' and characteristic traits of the many eminent professional men with whom through life he had associated, pushed round the bottle merrily, and left them charmed with his grace, his genius, and his suavity."

We not only desire, but anticipate, an extensive sale for this highly interesting and instructive work.

painting-room, which he had painted for Mr. (now Sir Robert) Peel, asked Sir Thomas who it was? Sir Thomas told him it was the chancellor. 'Den, by G—!' exclaimed Fuseli, in his strong German accent, shrugging up his shoulders, 'I shall get out of his glotches (clutches). Give me a bit of chalk.' It was given to him. He wrote upon the portrait—

'Olim quod Vulpes cauta Leoni respondet  
Referam; quia me Vestigia terrent,  
Omnia te adversum spectantia, nulla retrorsum.'

"When Lawrence showed the labelled and libelled physiognomy to Lord Eldon, he laughed heartily."

\* "When Lord Eldon was chief-justice of the Common Pleas, he was once travelling the western circuit at the time that George III. was at Weymouth. The king sent to him at Dorchester, and desired him to come over to see a celebrated actor, at that time at Weymouth. The judge came over; and, after accompanying the royal party to the theatre, joined them in a boating excursion. They landed at some part of the coast to see a ruin; and, while they were wandering about, the boat's crew invaded a neighbouring orchard, and helped themselves liberally to the apples. The owner and the royal party returned at the same time, and Lord Eldon was loudly threatened by the farmer with being taken up along with his party, and carried before the judges next day for felony. The anniversary of Lord Eldon's natal day was the same as that of his affectionate master. 'Do not congratulate me,' the king would say to his chancellor, 'till I have paid my respects to you on this happy day.'"



## THE PERSONAL CHARACTER OF THE QUEEN, AND HER MARRIAGE WITH PRINCE ALBERT.

WE have just returned from witnessing Mr. George Cattermole's very excellent picture of the First Reformers entering their protest at the Diet of Spires, on the 19th of April, 1529. A picture peculiarly interesting at this period, from the fact that (we quote the description) "our Most Gracious Sovereign the Queen and Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg are both lineal descendants of John Constance, the Elector of Saxony, who first signed and declared this protest." Mr. William Walker designs to execute an engraving of this production, which is well worthy the attention of every lover of art and religion. The memorable event which it illustrates will be found described by Seckendorf, Sleiden, Mosheim, &c., and may be thus briefly stated. The Diet of Spires, in 1526, passed a resolution essentially favourable to the Reformation, but which the Pontiff, Clement VII., and his great coadjutor, the Emperor Charles V., determined to annul; for this purpose they summoned a second Diet at Spires, in the spring of 1529. All the chief princes and deputies of the empire were present. King Ferdinand presided for his brother, the Emperor, then in Spain, and he contrived to procure a majority; the resolution therefore of 1526 was rescinded. But the reformers, who had gained sufficient strength not to be cast down by such proceedings, being denied a hearing in their defence, Luther and Melancthon drew up a *protest*, and on the 19th of April the Elective princes in the minority again appeared before the Diet. This, at first, was also refused; but with great resolution they obliged the Diet to receive this their solemn protestation. In substance it declared, "They would not obey the tyrannical edicts, imposing church-tradition before scripture, because such was contrary to the law of God. That the scriptures were the rule and touchstone of their conduct. That the Bible was the sole interpreter of itself to the conscience; and that they appealed to a General Council, and to all unsuspected judges."

It is impossible to look on this celebrated scene, and the figure of John Constance, the Elector of Saxony, the chief leader of the group, without referring mentally to the royal marriage which will be solemnised in the course of a few weeks. The royal pair are both of protestant stock, and this is felt to be of exceeding importance to a protestant people, and under the conditions to which the crown of Great Britain is subject. But many modifications have taken place in the tone of public opinion, and doubts have been entertained whether the religious tenets of the children are so strictly protestant as those of their fathers. As, however, no evidence is offered in proof of their latitudinarianism or indifference, it would be improper and highly disloyal for us to entertain the least suspicion of the protestant orthodoxy of both parties. At the same time, it is true that the severity of polemical differences has relaxed, and that the minds of men are seeking for some point of union. As children of one and the same Father, all sects of Christians should esteem themselves of a common family, and welcome each other as brethren. The Monarch also, as the representative of the common parent, must exercise the same

divine impartiality towards all ranks and orders and persuasions of the community. A true catholicity, not at all inconsistent with the protestant oath, may thus be encouraged. Meanwhile, it must be confessed, that the act of Catholic Emancipation has placed the Sovereign of these realms in an awkward and undetermined position. We recollect that Mr. Sadler, at the period of its debate, well asked, "Why, under such circumstances, should the conscience of the Monarch be the only one in the empire that was bound to a particular faith?" This is a practical point that will press with stronger and stronger claims upon the consideration of parliament, until, at length, some relief may be demanded. But with the present occupant of the throne and her intended bridegroom, it would not appear that any inconvenience can be felt.

But never are we so solicitous, as when we touch this subject, of the great importance of keeping in mind, that, notwithstanding the strong expediency of conciliation on the part of all, truth is still one, and that its unity is not to be obtained by forcing into coalition heterogeneous varieties, but by producing the coalition from the primary unity of which all varieties are but partial developments. Never, either in philosophy or in religion, must we forget that the whole is prior to its parts. The conflict is between the parts, and not with the Antecedent All and One, which, in imperishable serenity, sits enthroned sole absolute monarch, of whom all monarchs are symbols. We have hinted, in a former part of this number, the unsatisfactory condition of the moral and intellectual world, and suggested that the present inconveniences of our social state are the growth and product of causes which have their seat in the scientific and literary mind of the age. The American writer whom we have already quoted, instances the French eclecticism as an instance in point; that, he says, which Cousin esteems so conclusive. There is, proceeds Mr. Emerson, "an optical delusion in it. It avows great pretensions. It looks as if they had got all truth, in taking all the systems, and had nothing to do, but to sift and wash and strain, and the gold and diamonds would remain in the last colander. But, in fact, this is not so; for truth is such a fly-away, such a slyboot, so untransportable and unbarrelable a commodity, that it is as hard to catch as light. Shut the shutters never so quick to keep all the light in, it is all in vain; it is gone, before you can cry, Hold! And so it happens with our philosophy. Translate, collate, distil all the systems, it steads you nothing; for truth will not be compelled, in any mechanical manner. But the first observation you make in the sincere act of your nature, though as of the veriest trifle, may open a new view of nature and of man, that, like the menstruum, shall dissolve all theories in it, shall take up Greece, Rome, Stoicism, Eclecticism, and what not, as mere data and food for analysis, and dispose of your world-containing system as a little unit. A profound thought, anywhere, classifies all things. A profound thought will lift Olympus. The book of philosophy is only a fact, and no more inspiring fact than another, and no less; but a wise man will never esteem it anything final and transcending. Go and talk with a man of genius, and the first word he

utters sets all your so called knowledge afloat and at large. Thus Plato, Bacon, Cousin, condescend to be men and mere facts."

We quote, as we have before said, for the sake of corroboration,—and yet more, as recommending such statements as indicating the fountain of all reconstruction, in all that has been shattered or is shattering by the late and present revolutions. Genius is the only saviour of churches and of states. Here and there the demand is made for something higher than either scripture or tradition. The attempts made by the Oriel divines are below the mark—they would unite both—but restrict them to a particular time, herein differing from the practice equally of the church of Rome and the church of the three first centuries. We boldly declare this. What the church of the three first centuries required we must demand,—a *spirit* of production and a *spirit* of interpretation. We must be no more content with a *body* of doctrine, or a *body* of facts, than they were. Let Satan dispute for the BODY OF CHRIST as he did of old for the BODY OF MOSES! The head of our church is an ascended Saviour, who has preferred to teach us by his spiritual influence, as the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, rather than by his corporeal presence, as a perpetual instructor or example, in the daily walks of our work-day world.

Our readers will perceive that our remarks have had reference from the beginning to the chief and most arduous duty confided to the sovereign of this empire—the visible headship of the visible church! They require particular attention both on the part of monarch and subject, to personal conduct and character. The Editor of this Magazine was the first among the political writers of this country to point out the importance of this;—nay, how that everything depended on it. In an article preceding the present series, under the title of "Political Dilemmas," he demonstrated it as a fact.

We were able, in that short article, to shew that the political collision then existing was not a collision of Parties but of Persons; and that neither Lord DURHAM, Lord BROUGHAM, the Duke of WELINGTON, Lord LYNTHURST, nor Sir ROBERT PEEL, could properly be said to embody the principles that he was supposed to champion. They had, one and all, been for a while made instruments of the purposes which they had subserved; and then stood as useless tools, because unused; neither was there one who apprehended the vocation to which he might be appointed. There was no man who had a task. As to Lord MELBOURNE himself, he then sought, and still seeks, refuge in being the negation of all men and things—character included. In a word, we seek not for the representation of Principles in bodies of men; but individuals alone occupy so much of public attention as they can claim on the score of their own activity. The Politician is out of work—but the Man is *working*.

Since we delivered ourselves of these opinions, we have been corroborated in them by the most thinking minds. Mr. T. Carlyle, in his book which we have elsewhere noticed, considers, for instance, the New Poor Law Act as a declaration that every man shall work. Mr. Emerson, likewise—(we like to quote these names in combination),—testifies to the same truth. "Another sign of our times, also marked



by an analogous political movement, is the new importance given to the single person." Again, "If there be one lesson more than another which should pierce the ear of a scholar, it is, The world is nothing, the MAN is all; in yourself is the law of all nature, and you know not yet how a globule of sap ascends; in yourself slumbers the whole of reason, it is for you to know all, it is for you to dare all." Again, "That great principle of undulation in nature, that shews itself in the inspiring and expiring of the breath; in desire and satiety; in the ebb and flow of the sea; in day and night; in heat and cold; and is yet more deeply ingrained in every atom and every fluid, is known to us under the name of polarity; — these 'fits of easy transmission and reflection,' as Newton called them, are the law of nature, because they are the law of spirit. The mind now thinks, now acts; and each fit produces the other. When the artist has exhausted his materials, when the fancy no longer paints, when thoughts are no longer apprehended, and books are a weariness,—he has always the resource, *to live*. Character is higher than intellect. Thinking is the function; living is the functionary. The stream retreats to its source. A great soul will be strong to live, as well as strong to think. Does he lack organ or medium to impart his truths? he can still fall back on this elemental force of living then. This is a total act. Thinking is a partial act. Let the grandeur of justice shine in his affairs. Let the beauty of affection cheer his lowly roof. Those 'far from fame,' who dwell and live with him, will feel the force of his constitution, in the doings and passages of the day, better than it can be measured by any public and designed displays. Time shall teach him, that the scholar loses no hour which the man lives. Herein he unfolds the sacred germ of his instinct, screened from influence. What is lost in seemliness is gained in strength. Not out of those on whom systems of education have exhausted their culture comes the helpful giant to destroy the old or to build the new, but out of unhandselled savage nature, out of terrible Druids and Berserkirs, come at last Alfred and Shakspeare. I hear, therefore, with joy, whatever is beginning to be said of the dignity and necessity of labour to every citizen. There is virtue yet in the hoe and the spade, for learned as well as unlearned hands. And labour is everywhere welcome; always we are incited to work; only be this limitation observed, that a man shall not for the sake of wider activity sacrifice any opinion to the popular judgement and modes of action." Again, "Is it not the chief disgrace in the world, not to be an unit; not to be reckoned one character; not to yield that peculiar fruit which each man was created to bear, but to be reckoned in the gross, in the hundred or the thousand of the party or section to which we belong; and our opinion predicted geographically, as the north or the south? Not so, brothers and friends,—please God, ours shall not be so. We will walk on our own feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak our own minds. Then shall man be no longer a name for pity, for doubt, and for sensual indulgence. The dread of man and the love of man shall be a wall of defence and a wreath of joy around all. A nation of men will for the first time exist, because each believes himself inspired by the Divine Soul which also inspires all men."

Precisely, then, in the proportion in which a man *works* will he be found influential. This is the secret of O'CONNELL's success ; and lo, how strong he is, and is declared to be by all parties ! The opponents of the present ministry continually declare that the present cabinet subsists through his forbearance, and that all their measures are dictated by his opinions and interests. Nor have the administration ever denied their dependence in part on his goodwill,—nor was it needed that they should. Did not the Duke of Wellington and George IV. grant the Emancipation Bill at his bidding ? You reply, that it was in his cause, not in himself,—it is as the representative, as the paid advocate of his country, that he is strong ; therein is his might, his influence.—Granted.—But as Bonaparte was used to say, “I am the state,” with equal truth may O'Connell exclaim, “I am Ireland.”

In the same way, not as the head of a party, but as the operative incarnation of a principle, Lord *Brougham* maintains an elevated rank. The education of the people needs an advocate, and Henry Brougham, the indefatigable, is the accepted champion. This is enough. Not all his sciolism, insufficient philosophism, hasty assertions, and unmannered habits, will ever deprive him of this honour. In that name his letters of credit are made out, and the bank they are drawn on is responsible, and will answer all demands upon it to the utmost farthing.

Not to re-enter into unpleasant details, suffice it to say, that recent occurrences sufficiently shew that, as to other political men, the purposes which they have served have been accomplished, and that the instruments are now, for awhile, discarded. Meantime, we rejoice that individuals have been used as such instruments, for working out the wise designs of providence, relating to the State of England. The fortunes of this country, however, form only a link in the chain of the divine empire, and have a bearing upon the whole, and are borne upon by the whole. For all countries sympathise one with the other,—the extreme East with the remotest West,—and the entire world represents but one system and order of policy. There is but one law—one faith—one baptism ; and this ONE is, after all, the only thing affirmed in the variety of states, of churches, and of ceremonial creeds and rites. The evolution of this primeval unity it is that originates the different phases of times and countries—of sects and parties—for ever in apparent antagonism, yet in reality ever working out but the one intention. The order that preceded the chaos is even the order that shall succeed it. The first and the last—the beginning and the end—shall, in the commonness of their results, prove the identity of their origin, the simplicity of their source.

So much then depending on personal character in general, how much depends on the personal character of the Sovereign, and on that of the partner of her station ? On the responsibility which the monarch incurs by this law of public feeling, we have already remarked. The necessity of incurring it was well illustrated in the question between Sir Robert Peel and the Queen, as to the ladies of the bed-chamber. The highest responsibility is that which is irresponsible,—and with this the Queen, on that occasion, covered her

present ministers. The political fell into abeyance, and the human became dominant. Her Majesty shewed that she had a will of her own; in which possession all human personality resides. From that moment the country felt that it was thrown upon the personal character of the monarch, who had then for the first time assumed authority. And this at a period when literature is a general accomplishment, and, in its operation on the lower classes, has given birth to chartism — in other words, to a war of morals against manners — of conscience against convention. Let this be perfectly understood, for, if misunderstood, what is now insurrection will become revolution.

What we had previously understood of her Majesty's character, gave us much reason to hope both for her own happiness and the country's welfare. Victoria right early shewed a thirst for information, which might have owed something to the Duchess of Kent's *system* of education, but which must be more truly traced to those native spontaneities, which are usually indicative of genius in the pupil. Some of these shewed themselves in eccentric forms, and even since her accession to the throne, the caprices of this kind of temperament have sometimes broken through the bonds of etiquette, and not a little surprised the formalists of the court. It is understood that the Baroness Lehzen has considerable influence with her Majesty, and it is probable that the precocity of her Majesty's intellect was somewhat aided by that lady, and to the peculiar circumstances and dispositions of the governess's mind some of the peculiarities of the pupil's development may be fairly attributed. The Baroness Lehzen is the daughter of a distinguished German clergyman, who was a long time attached, as a minister, to one of the German Protestant Chapels in the metropolis, where, in consequence of his eminent classical and historical knowledge, the sons of many distinguished English families were confided to his instructive guidance. After having got a vocation to the first parish church in Hannover, he left England and returned to his native place, whither some of his pupils followed him. At Hannover, this very excellent man enjoyed the love and esteem of every one. The Baroness Lehzen received an excellent education from her father, at whose death, owing to the small fortune a German clergyman can bequeath to his children, she was obliged to accept a situation as governess of the daughter of one of the first noblemen in Brunswick, Baron de M——z, where she was treated as a member of the family, and where she distinguished herself by her spirit and knowledge, as well as by her excellent character and behaviour. After having finished the education of the daughter of the house, Miss Lehzen left Brunswick, and it was even at that time that Her Royal Highness, the Duchess of Kent, just then married to the Duke, came to England, and being obliged to get another German governess for her daughter by her previous marriage (Princess of Leiningen,) addressed herself, in consequence of Her Majesty, Queen Charlotte's recommendation, to a distinguished Hanoverian lady, Mrs. B——rf, at that time in Queen Charlotte's service and confidence, and highly esteemed by the whole royal family, to recommend her a governess for the princess. It was then Miss Lehzen, from Hannover, was recommended by Mrs. B——rf, to which valuable recommendation a second one was after-



wards added by the Rev. Dr. K——r, minister of the Royal German Protestant Chapel at London. In consequence of these two respectable recommendations, Miss Lehzen became governess of the princess, and, after the marriage of her illustrious pupil, governess of Her Majesty, whom she educated with the utmost carefulness, and *au pied de la lettre*, never left from the first day of her Majesty's illustrious life. The influence of Baroness Lehzen over the Queen therefore is very natural, and only results from her Majesty's thankful and confidential attachment to her faithful and excellent governess, who, in consideration of her great merits, and to enable her to accompany the Princess Victoria at court, and at the table royal, was created by his Majesty King George IV., a Hannoverian baroness. A brother of the baroness is still alive, and occupies one of the higher employments in the King of Hannover's administrative service.

Such is the story of the fortunes of the Baroness Lehzen. Meantime the physical health, as well as the mental improvement, of the future Queen required careful attention; and the frequent varied and extensive excursions taken with this view, are said to have brought the Princess into close contact with the English people in different conditions of life. They also induced a habit of early rising. And thus it was, to quote from the pen of one of our authorities for this brief detail, "that the early impressions of the Princess Victoria in the great science of human life were derived rather from practical illustration than initiatory precept. Where is there an instance, in the proud page of British history, of a princess so early brought in contact with the people?"

"But if it be unknown to the millions who are subject to the throne of these realms, it would be inexcusable in us were we to conceal the fact, that those to whom the education of the Queen was intrusted, were by no means blind to the signs of the times, whatever might have been the ignorance, in this respect, of her Majesty's immediate predecessors. Instead, therefore, of selecting and inculcating, as models of perfection, principles for which it delighted the third George to contend, because his attachment to them was alike insensible to the appeals of justice or expediency, — or of flattering the reserve of his successor by the compliment of their applause, the princess was thus early taught to consider herself the possible future depository of a trust to be exercised only for the good of the whole community. But when, in the course of time, the succession to the throne no longer became a matter of speculation, the Duchess of Kent was the first to suggest the propriety of submitting the education of her daughter to the more critical judgment of a prelate, for whom, with her usual penetration, she had reserved the direction of so important an affair. This was the late Bishop of Salisbury, who was subsequently assisted by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of Lincoln."

We disagree, of course, with the opinions ventured in the above extract concerning the character and conduct of George III.; but this we cannot pause to consider now. Let by-gones be by-gones! It is with the results of her Majesty's education that we are now concerned; and which enable her to converse with fluency in French, Italian, and German, and to become more than tolerably proficient in the fine

arts. Music, in particular, is her delight ; and the best works of the greatest masters, such as Haydn, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Pergolesi, give her most pleasure. One memorialist was present on an occasion—the first he believed of the kind—when Beethoven's celebrated *Hallelujah to the Father* was performed before her ; and says that he shall never forget the emotion when that beautiful passage, "the exalted Son of God," burst upon her astonished ear. "For several minutes," he adds, "after the conclusion of the chorus, Her Royal Highness seemed spell-bound, as though a new theory had suddenly been propounded to her imagination ; and it was not till after the expiration of some minutes, during which she seemed insensible to all around her, that she was able to give expression to her feelings of delight. From the enchantment of that hour, I believe, may be traced Her Majesty's predilection for sacred music, and more particularly for the masters alluded to above ; and since then, she has been known to neglect no opportunity of studying their sublime compositions, and of cultivating an acquaintance with their respective *styles* ; we believe, indeed, there is scarcely a subject within the range of these authorities which Her Majesty could not instantly identify, or refer to. Having thus divulged what may justly be considered as Her Majesty's *taste* in music, it will be superfluous for us to add her attachment to the organ. While at Brighton, where the palace can boast of a very fine one, scarcely an evening was suffered to pass away without the devotion of an hour or two to this delightful recreation, on which occasions Mr. — was usually summoned to preside at that noble instrument."

The beneficial practice of early rising is still continued by Her Majesty, a plan which enables her to attach, before the hour of breakfast, the royal signature to the despatches that have arrived,—a labour which, in consequence of the Queen of England having no private secretary, is onerous ; but in which she is relieved by the assistance of the Baroness de Lehzen, whose office, in this particular, increases the natural influence of the well-esteemed preceptress.

The Queen is now about to perform the most important duty of her life. Prince Albert, with whom she has announced her intention of inter-marrying, is the second son of Ernest, reigning Duke of Saxe Coburg Gotha, and derives his birth from a long unbroken line of Protestant ancestors ; to one of whom Luther was indebted for protection, and probably preservation from death, at the time the Pope was employing his powerful influence with the princes of continental Europe to effect his destruction. Thus was the Reformation instrumentally indebted for the protection and preservation of its great author to an illustrious member of the family about to become connected by marriage with the Queen of England. His Royal Highness was born August 26th, 1819, and is consequently the junior of her Majesty, who was born on the 24th of May preceding, about three months. Whether or not, after all, the Prince was baptised in the church of Rome, his participation since in the sacraments of the Anglican church would be sufficient to constitute him a protestant. In some respects he resembles the betrothed Queen ; he possesses talents—and has cultivated philosophy, poetry, and painting.

May the marriage be blessed to her and to him, and to the country over which God has given her dominion ! We derive hope from the courage which her Majesty has already exhibited, whatever may be the immediate inconveniences under which the country suffers. The Queen has suffered by reason of them. They are the effects of the situation and circumstances into which she came rather than of any conduct of hers. The ministry we now have was that which she found ; and we are bold to say that it has been out of her power to change it. It has not yet been possible for one more conservative to take office, although the tory cause has manifestly been looking up ; and the pressure of Chartism will bring the leaders of parties, in the long run, to some common understanding. The equilibrium of the political balance, unduly disturbed, is righting itself again. The weight was once, perhaps, too strong on the aristocratic side ; and, to counteract this violation of order, more than the proper influence was then thrown into the other. Still the beam was far from right, and there needed some effort at the other end to make it tolerably straight.

The personal elements of individual character that we have just indicated in both the Queen and her consort, will, if permitted to be properly worked out, restore the principle of monarchy which has been too much misunderstood, and well nigh rescinded in practice. It was a sublime saying of the Russian soldiery, on their retreat from Smolensko to Dorogobouj, and thence on Viazma ; halting at each of these towns, and deliberately burning them in the face of the enemy : it was, we repeat, a sublime saying of these armed men, when refusing to continue their retreat, " That they had consented to retire in the beginning, solely because they were aware that such was the will of their *Father*." The patriarchal sentiment of government and obedience is the grace of despotic states, not, at the same time, democratic. And this is the sentiment that has to be won back again—to be regenerated morally and willingly, as, in rude conditions of states and churches, it has been and is engendered physically and compulsively. The middle period between these two extremes is but a period of transitions. Both the governed and the governors have equally to be prepared for this (if justly administered) freest of all institutions. The idea, too, is one of the purest republicanism. According to it, while obedience will be voluntarily and freely yielded, authority will not be needed, yet will be without hindrance exercised. Not of necessity—out of which hitherto institutions have sprung—but of mutual benevolence, both will thenceforth grow and proceed to perfection ; not by reason of either antagonism, but by virtue of the love that mediates as well as generates, the positions that are evolved into social experience and public acknowledgement. Well for the world will it be when the three Laws, one in their intimate essence, of Regression, Permanence, and Progression, shall, in their development manifest the unity of their origin ; needing no reconciliation, because showing no enmity.

The first and the last of these Laws, regulating the social condition of man, are as two planets, that by a divine instinct, as it were, desire each to proceed in an infinite direct line, thus traversing and usurping absolute dominion over the whole of space ; but counteracting this



eternal yet never accomplished tendency, reigns over both the supreme sun, who by his impartial attraction, prevents the contact and ruin that would else ensue; harmonising the demands of both powers by auspices of compromise, and merging the conflict between the centripetal and centrifugal forces into the ultimate elliptical orbits in which both the planets alike move, having the sun in one focus, and by a radius from the sun, describe equal means in equal times.

We have called these laws one Regressive and the other Progressive; but which of these is going forward—which backward? Whether our politicians look to the future or the past, they are but carrying out one and the same principle of wisdom more than human; both, too, as the solace of their endless agony, will, if they rest at all, meet in one common centre. But such rest is not appointed; they may both approximate to the mediate, but their complete coalescence is impossible. Life resides in their mutual action and reaction—in their reciprocal attraction and repulsion. Motion in a *permanent* medium will mark their being as manifested in Time. That political millennium of which repose is predicated, is a second paradise, which, like the first, must be interpreted not as a period of time, but as a state in eternity.

We must once more revert to Prince Albert; and we do so now, because these abstract propositions of ours will be understood by him. We *know* the Prince to be deeply read in the philosophy of his country, to be an intelligent observer of human actions, and an oracular interpreter of human motives. He is an artist of no mean attainments, he is a poet of considerable elegance, and a scholar in the best sense of the word. As a conversationist he is admirable; and the English people will have much reason to welcome her Majesty's choice.

With his personal appearance all classes of subjects have lately made themselves acquainted by visiting Messrs. Hodgson and Graves' room, where Mr. George Patten's admirable likeness is now exhibiting. We began this article with some account of one picture, and shall end it with the description of another. We are not at all surprised at the excellence observable in this picture, for we have been long aware of the artist's merits, and have before declared them in this Magazine. We boldly declare that there is not another artist in England who could have painted this authentic portrait of Prince Albert. It is in all respects an admirable production. The Prince, in the Coburg costume, is standing with his left hand resting on the table, on which are placed his hat and sword, his eye fixed on the spectator. From the window we are presented with a view of part of the palace of Coburg, and in the extreme distance is the fortress in which Martin Luther was confined for safety, after burning the papal bull. There is a degree of amiable dignity in the attitude and expression of the figure, and the general effect of the picture is rich and glowing. Indeed, it is highly wrought and of great power; a production, in short, restorative of the old style of painting; that, we mean, of Titian and Giorgione. Such a picture the Germans would paint if they could; such, no other artist than Mr. George Patten has ambition enough to attempt.

## OUR MONTHLY CRYPT.

THE ESSAYS OF ELIA. First and Second Series. London: Moxon, 1839.

These reprints are delightful and welcome exceedingly. They crowd upon us, however, so fast that we are not able to do sufficient justice to the publisher or his authors. Quaint Charles Lamb, it has been in our heart to indite an essay on thee—yes, long ere this: but, behold, the essay is yet unwritten. Behold! indeed—how may that be seen which never existed? Elia would have told us of air-written essays, as Shakespere has of air-drawn daggers—but we may venture not such fancy-sketches. And Elia himself is a shadow now—he has melted like a breath into the wind. Was he ever more? Alas! whatever Elia might have been, Charles Lamb was flesh and blood! A gentle spirit imprisoned in a clay cottage—a free soul working in a servile body! And these are some of the records of that man! Dear are they to our soul, nor will we part from them until we visit him in Hades. But then we shall bear thither all that he has ever written—and enjoy the plenary benefit of having learned all his lines by heart.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS CAMPBELL. London: Edward Moxon, 1839.

We repeat that we cannot enough admire these reprints of our successful poets. It is too late now to write our praises of Thomas Campbell, but the reader will find them recorded in one of the volumes of the *Philomathic Journal*. The present edition is correctly and elegantly printed and well deserves the imprimatur of the "poet's publisher." We (though elsewhere) first awarded this title to Mr. Moxon—it has been frequently repeated. He has well-justified the appellation.

THE WORKS OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, with an Introduction. By Robert Southey, Esq., LL.D., Poet laureate, &c., &c. London: Moxon, 1840.

When this work is further advanced we promise our readers an elaborate paper on these poets.

CONTINENTAL INDIA. Travelling Sketches, and Historical Recollections, illustrating the Antiquity, Religion, and Manners of the Hindoos, the extent of British Conquests, and the Progress of Missionary Operations. By J. W. Mussie, M.R.I.A. In Two Volumes. London: Thomas Ward and Co., Paternoster Row, 1840.

This Work is embellished with maps and engravings, and contains much information which would be more pleasing, had the tone been less professional. The style, too, is singularly faulty, sometimes turgid, at others bold, and never easy. His prejudices against the mythology of India—the systems and practices of the Brahmin, the Jain, and the Buddhist, he partakes with many Missionaries, who unfortunately set out on their important errand in any other than a philosophic spirit. They are blind to what reality may lie under shows to them idolatrous or worse. We find also an out-of-the-way attack on Roman Catholic Missions, in which the testimony of the at other times despised Hindoo, is taken, as conclusive of the absurdity of their mode of worship. All this is in ill-taste. Nevertheless, there are good points in the book, and on the whole it is both instructive and amusing.

THE WESTMINSTER CONTRIBUTION. A Collection of Original Tales in Prose, and Scraps in Verse. Westminster; published at the Institution, Smith-street, Westminster.

This is the produce of one of those very useful institutions, literary, scientific, and mechanic, by which the present age is distinguished. Both the verse and prose of this little volume are good, and deserve public patronage.

THE PROTESTANT EXILES OF ZILLERTHAL; their Persecutions, and expatriation from the Tyrol, on separating from the Romish Church and embracing

the Reformed Faith. Translated from the German of Dr. Rheinwald' of Berlin. By John B. Saunders. London, Hatchard and Son, 1840.

The case of the Protestant Tyrolese was first introduced to the English public by the Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne; in a sermon preached before the Corporation of the City of London, on Michaelmas day, 1837; it was subsequently taken up by the *Times*, and then by the *Quarterly Review* (No. 127.) The Editor desires to impress us with the still unchanged spirit of intolerance, and persecution of the Romish church, and the subordination of secular to religious education. In the catholicity of our principles, we are, of course, determined enemies to ecclesiastical tyranny. We have not space to enter into the details, but commend the circumstances to serious consideration. Catholicism, not Romanism, is our motto.

**THE JESUIT; a Picture of Manners and Character, from the First Quarter of the Eighteenth Century.** Translated from the German of C. Spindler, 2 vols. Edward Bull.

Spindler is the most prolific and perhaps the most popular novelist in Germany. His collected works amount to forty-five volumes, octavo, and they include about twenty-five considerable romances. Among them "The Jesuit" is one of the most celebrated, and we are glad to see it in an English dress. The translation is faithful, yet spirited, with the exception of a few phrases here and there which want the ease of perfect composition.

The author has executed a very useful task by illustrating in his novel the history and idiosyncrasy of the Jesuits. Of this remarkable sect we all know something, but none of us have fathomed the vast series of causes and consequences connected with its existence and operations. We have been always inclined to believe that the primary and original system of the Jesuits was excellent even to optimism. In the gigantic institution of the Roman church, they at first appeared as Catholic Reformers, and the most astonishing reforms they executed. They threw off a vast deal of ecclesiastical bigotry, formalism, and intolerance. Like the Divine Master, whose name they bore, they rejected the pharisaical habits of the regular clergy, and as secular or lay divines, went about doing good in the familiar intercourse of real life. They were long the best lights of Europe, they restored the doctrines of Origen respecting free grace, free will and universal redemption, in a manner worthy the approbation of Leibnitz. Their scheme of education, fettered by none of the miserable restrictions of the *index expurgatorius*, embraced all that was most brilliant in Protestant literature, and in their missionary enterprises they were surpassed by none that figure in the page of Church History.

But like the Templars, who preceded them, the Jesuits unfortunately illustrated that proverb so painfully true, "that the best things when corrupted become the worst." Their success induced pride, and pride induced deceit. They coined their soul into lies, and their talents were converted into crimes. The genius which had once prompted them to emulate Christ, was now degraded into the engine of Satan, and all their means and appliances to boot were corrupted into the instruments of sin. Such was their condition when Pascal crucified their villany in his immortal Provincials. And such was their state in 1720, at the period which Spindler delineates. If the earlier historians of the Jesuits were correct in eulogising them, their later historians have been no less correct in censuring them. Both are right in reference to certain conditions, and both are wrong in extending those conditions beyond their proper limit.

The work of Spindler excellently illustrates a passage from the Foreign Quarterly's critique, which the translator has assumed for his preface. The Jesuit is a work of great original talent. The picture it exhibits of an able, virtuous, and very conscientious man, compelled by obedience to his superiors, to commit acts of fraud and cruelty, repugnant to his kindly nature, and so fully convinced that he is doing his duty, as to experience remorse for his reluctance, is the most striking illustration we have seen offered by fiction of the omnipotence of that order.



We believe that the spirit and practice of Jesuitism is reviving among certain individuals of the Roman church. If those individuals are true to the best of the followers of Loyola, we shall not regret their increase. If they are so, they will do much to reform the flagrant abuses of their own church, and promote a kindly intercourse with well-instructed Protestants, diffusing a philanthropical temper among sects. But let this work of Spindler warn them against those mysteries of iniquity that spring from casuistical sophistry, ambition and lust. The present age is too *astute* and *resolute* to blink or tolerate gross imposition; and if we have been the first to give the religious orders of Romanism their due praise while they behave well, we will also be the first to expose their every artifice if we catch them tripping.

The most interesting part, however, of this novel is the description of Senator Mussinger, a rich Dutch merchant, who lies under the unjust suspicion of having murdered the father of his intended son-in-law. The workings of the Merchant's mind, labouring under this horrible charge, are drawn with much dramatic talent. The unhappy merchant's condition is aggravated by a wife, who does her best to emulate the spouse of Job, adding fuel to the fire of his affliction. All wives are troublesome enough; but Madame Jacobina has learnt the art of ingeniously tormenting to a degree of perfection absolutely dreadful. This paragon of matrimonial annoyances, would be intolerable were it not that the reader gives her credit for one good deed—the production of an incomparable daughter, graceful, playful and pleasing, who becomes the heroine of the romance, and lends it a charm which beautiful young ladies alone can bestow.

WILHELM MEISTER'S APPRENTICESHIP AND TRAVELS. From the German of Göthe. By Thomas Carlyle. A new edition, revised. London: Fraser, 1839.

We hail the appearance of these volumes with considerable satisfaction. The reprint is a good sign. Slow as may be the progress of that many-headed beast, the public, it is indicative of an advance. The fashionable novel, the fustian play, the evangelical (how misplaced the term!) tale, the essay on the steam-engine, the memoir of the demirep duchess, do not engross its entire attention. The many-winged pages of a healthier literature, gemmed with imagination and intellect, wisdom and nature, bright as the plumage of Juno's bird, or as the pure embracing heavens starred with Arcturus, Orion, and its other thousandfold silent yet speaking characters, have wasted the invigoration of their strength and the magic of their beauty into some hearts. This is cause for rejoicing. "Good the beginning, good the end shall be."

The works themselves have now been some years before the English reader, and do not require us to give any criticism, if our space permitted, on their object, necessity, or execution, further than to state what seems to have been the intention of Göthe in their construction; which was, to shadow forth the progress of the human character in the three states, the Ethnic or Pagan, or, as we should name it, the sensual, the intellectual, the spiritual.

The "Travels," in which the author doubtless meant to portray man in the spiritual state, was left by him incomplete, and is not unfolded to us in the requisite clearness. But such as we have them now, they must remain, as he who laboured at them, strenuously if not sufficiently, has left us for ever, and, on another shore, among the world's immortals, rests from his travail. Let us be thankful for what a man of genius has left us, and, with earnest enquiring hearts, apply ourselves to the task of understanding and appreciating his lessons, and of making the best use thereof.

The translation is, upon the whole, most excellent. To all competent judges, Mr. Carlyle's capacity for such work has long been manifest, and the incompetent—the *flat*-fish who have the power of sight only on the one side, although they see very well with that—will believe it on our attestation. If they are recusant, we will astound and overwhelm them with guttural original from Göthe, Schiller, Richter, Novalis and others—a cataract of Babel sounds—

a *Pisse-rache* of spluttering and thundering Teutonicisms – fearful as that outcry that struck on the appalled ears of Varus and his legions, when Hermann and his grim, half-naked tribes, in the pride of men determined to be free, with flashing eye, nervous arm, and rapid foot, that shook the earth beneath, rushed on, shouting forth their threats, defiance and scorn, and annihilated every cohort, striking that fierce blow that made the empire ring again, and vibrating to the very heart of stoic and imperial Rome.—N.B. This is a specimen of our *tropical* fervour, and ought to recommend us to Mr. Blackwood or Mr. Colburn. To gain Mr. Tegg's favour we mean to read to him *our essay* against the copy-right bill, as we aspire to propose a resolution at the next meeting of his labourers at Freemason's Hall. Talfourd will be paralysed, his Athenian captivity shall be taken captive, and his *Ionic* nobleness be prostrate. St. Stephen's shall know his motion no more.

We must express our wish that Mr. Carlyle had exercised his pen a little more in making a few verbal alterations, lopping off a limb of some stiff-necked phrase here, cutting down some *impertinent* particle there—he need not have gone through its whole sword-exercise, the first half-dozen cuts would have sufficed, and the ranks would have worn an improved appearance. But he has been either lazy or obstinate, both “shocking bad weaknesses in a philosopher of his school,” as he states in his preface, that his translation “hangs here and there stiff and laboured, and *may* now hang.” He has said it, my brother; and a wilful man must have his way.

One sentence in the original preface to the *Apprentice*, we must vehemently protest against, p. xviii., that “Goethe is, by many of his countrymen, ranked at the side of Homer and Shakspeare, as *one of the only three men of genius that have ever lived*.” This false and insolent predication was philosophically exposed by Mr. De Quincey, some years since, and should not have been reprinted without Mr. Carlyle's abjuration. The Germans *are* a nation of thinkers, but fools and swaggerers are abroad there also; *tant mieux ou tant pis*, as sage or scamp may have to deal with them. Gottsched and Kotzebue (Mr. Taylor, *late* of Norwich, is now denizen of another sphere, or we should be fined by him for taking this last name in vain), it is too bad! Men should never lose their reverence for the great ones of their kind, nor, to do honour to one man of genius, degrade from their high station those whose patent of nobility has been written by the finger of God himself. The statement is at best a *sham*. Mr. Carlyle knows how to deal with such; at the first opportunity let him administer the requisite punishment.

The volumes are got up in a superior style; and we have no doubt their respectable publisher, Mr. Fraser, will find his advantage and derive encouragement to give other specimens of German literature, in the reprint of this honoured classic.

**FAUST.** A Tragedy, by Goethe. Translated into English Verse by John Hills, Esq. London: Whittaker and Co. Berlin: Asher. 1840.

How many more? This is one of the worst; yet not censurable—for the sake of the modesty of the author—whose temper would have been better consulted by not venturing into print at all.

#### POETRY.

**THE JEWEL:** being Sacred, Domestic, Narrative, and Lyrical Poems, selected from the most eminent Authors. By Thomas Sloper. London: Richard Groombridge. 1839.

This is a more judicious selection than we have been accustomed to in this class of publications, and contains some pieces of rare excellence, mostly of the more modern poets, from Byron to Keats.

**SIR REDMOND;** a Metrical Romance. By Mrs. Edward Thomas, author of “Tranquil Hours.” London: Saunders and Otley, Conduit-street. 1839.

This lady is a poet of much sensibility and ingenuity, but of no mechanical skill. There is much sweet thinking and feeling in this poem spoiled by bad rhyme and rhythm. This is pity.

THE SONG OF AZRAEL, THE ANGEL OF DEATH; RECOLLECTIONS OF A VILLAGE SCHOOL, AND OTHER POEMS. By Mrs. Turnbull, Artist. London: J. W. Southgate, 164, Strand.

These poems are characterised by graceful and delicate feeling, and will be properly appreciated by all to whom Friendship and Sympathy are still realities. Several of the productions before us form admirable traits for effective *tableaux vivans*. We should augur from this that Mrs. Turnbull, herself an artist, not only looks with the painter's eye upon the beauties of nature, but that she has within her that higher faculty, by which we portray those visions of the imagination, which have no prototype in sense.

The metaphor included in the following lines, which occur in the opening performance, strikes us as being forcible and original:—

"From thence I sought the Grecian isles,  
Where through unnumbered years,  
The Greeks had worn their bonds with smiles  
Instead of burning tears,  
Which should have rusted every link,  
Until they snapt in twain.  
O coward slaves! why dreaming think  
There's glory in a chain?"

It is pleasant to find a lady ministering to the three divinities who preside over the fine arts. A *painter* Mrs. Turnbull announces herself—a *poetess* we proclaim her—and the number of songs in the present collection, set by eminent composers, prove that the fair authoress has rendered no slight service (though perhaps indirectly) to *music*. We have only space to extract the following poem, which sounds sweetly, and is distinguished by touching pathos:—

#### THE PICTURE-GIFT,

*On Painting a Sketch of Myself and Mrs. Carter, which I sent as a Present to a Dear and Early Friend.*

No strings of pearl, nor chains of gold, have I to offer thee,  
But far more prized than costly gems, my picture-gift will be,  
Oh! if my pencil has but sketched each line with force and truth,  
These portraits, like a fairy's spell, shall bring thee back thy youth,

Once more within those pleasant lanes, that bound our childhood's home,  
With buoyant heart, and bounding step, thou'lt seem with me to roam;  
Again we cross the rustic bridge—again we watch the stream,  
As silently it glides along, unlike Life's troubled dream.

With merry laugh at eventide, we reach the verdant vale,  
Just as the music of the bells comes floating on the gale;  
We talk of brighter worlds than this, whilst listening to those chimes—  
Say! does my picture-gift recal those days of happier times?

The scene is changed—another friend is standing by our side,  
With soul and feeling like ourselves—with less, perhaps, of pride;  
With more of meekness, more of faith, with thoughts that soar above  
This lowly earth—yet with a heart our very faults to love.

Is she not here?—does she not bring a thousand thoughts to thee?  
The blazing hearth, the hissing urn, the rice-cakes, and the tea?  
These are poor themes for *poet's* song—yet trifles though they be,  
Such are the keys that oft unlock the stores of memory.



Look on her brow!—the hand of time has scarcely left a trace,  
The calmness of a holy mind still beams upon her face;  
And o'er my own I've tried to bring, with all the painter's art,  
The youthful look, the sunny smile, the gladness of the heart.

*Think me all this*—for as I write a change has o'er me come:  
The spirit of my early years returns to bless my home;  
My dog has watched my glistening eye, and gently climbs my knee:  
Farewell! I would not have my Picture-Gift bring aught but joy to thee.

### ROMANCE.

**THE MONK AND THE MARRIED MAN.** By Julia Waddington, author of "Misrepresentations," "Janet," &c. 3 vols. Saunders and Otley. 1840.

The conception of this novel is good, better than the general run of fashionable domestic works of this description, but the style and execution are frivolous and unworthy. It has always been our principle to discover, if possible, the merit that may be in any production that we review; we would find "good in things evil." The authoress' idea of a man breaking through the bigotry and intolerance of the church of Rome is good, had it been reasonably and maturely executed: it was a fine opportunity for portraying the working of the human mind from error to truth, had the author been capable—but this required an intricate knowledge of, and clear-sightedness into, that most intricate and noble of divine productions—the human mind. We have in this novel two prominent characters, besides a host of inferior monks, lay brethren, bigoted catholics, Italian nobility, and English Protestants, in many cases as faulty as those they rated, a few amiable and of course right thinking people, tolerant, and therefore respected. These chiefly make up the machinery (for machinery is the only thing presented to us) in this production. We want mind, without which every attempt must fall below, far below, our standard. We say, that in the merely heaping up materials, although good ones, and although the idea be good and even sublime, unless the great master be well employed, the result must be deficient. Even as Frankenstein, with all his aspiring and noble endeavour, produced only a monster: he put together his machinery, but the mind, the immortal soul, the fire of life, was not his to give, and the monster he had created became his tyrant—for his presumption it became his tyrant, his tormentor: so it is in the production of a book, the author is the creator, and he must breathe into it the breath of life, or it will be deformed, ugly, horrible: and he, as the creator of such deformity, must bear the penalty. We have been led into these remarks from respect to the writer: we applaud the idea of her book, it is worthy; but we would have her throw the mere novel-making aside, of which the world grew sick long ago. She indulges in this too much—inquisitors, horrid machines, love-sick ladies taking the veil, love-sick gentlemen becoming monks, austere ones committing themselves, mad ladies endeavouring to drown themselves, and such like, are unworthy of her, we know she can do better by the manner she has executed these. She has great fluency in style, and were her dialogues less frivolous they would be more acceptable. We want not three pages to decide upon a tea-pot, nor to be told that at Twinings' we can get green, as well as black tea. Such frivolity is tedious, and we care not that it is natural; unfortunately gossip and chit-chat are too common in society; but let authors beware how they waste their print, and paper, and public time and patience, on such matters. Of what utility is it? We esteem novel-writing (next to the drama) to have most influence on the public mind, therefore we would elevate it; it may be made a pleasing medium of conveying religion and morality; a powerful engine if worked skilfully; it might be made productive of immense good. We would take it off the stilts on which some would-be novelists have put it, but, at the same time, we must not roll it in the kennel. We must take the straight and narrow path of truth and nature, none else will do. But we

owe it to our authoress to say a few words in confirmation of our advice. As we before observed, we have two prominent characters, Sir Reginald, a bigoted Catholic, pledged to the monastery and leading the most austere life; but he, not having the infallibility that the church he belonged to claimed, forgot his promised vows and married; his wife was faithless, and perished at sea with her paramour. From this time he became more bigoted and morose, albeit a man of quick and sensitive feeling, and strong intellect, not forgetting a goodly person. His father dies in England. If he had taken monastic vows, his younger half-brother would have inherited the paternal domains in England; but this brother, in a fever of love-sick disappointment, has taken to a monastery and become a monk, he promises his dying father to become his heir; here he, after much ado, a second time falls in love, and eventually marries a poor cousin, Clara, believing his first wife to be dead. The church of Rome, which had all along watched his movements, fearing to lose so large and wealthy a property, gets up a plot, pretending that his first wife is still living, and therefore that the marriage is unlawful. This exasperates him; he is called to Rome, and dares not disobey. While there, his son and heir is born, who is degraded by the said church as a bastard; it further demands the boy as a dispensation for the defects of the father, which demand he concedes to; but the mother dissents, she being a Protestant, a heretic, a heinous offence to the church of Rome. Clara will not part from her "precious child;" her reason leaves her on finding she is not the legal wife—she endeavours to drown herself—is saved by her husband. He at length discovers the deception practised upon him—is very indignant—allows his son to be educated a Protestant—at last becomes a staunch and thoroughly consistent Protestant himself—his wife is happy and the novel ends. We say that a sense of wrong, of deception, of hypocrisy, in the member of a church, is not sufficient for a strong and intelligent mind to change its religious principles; that a severe, zealous, conscientious Roman catholic should, because he has received injuries, and discovered deception in some of the members of his church, turn out of such church, is not sufficient; we want something more than resentment to make a man change his creed: we want conviction; and if three volumes are to be written on the subject, we want the subject treated, not talked about. We can imagine, as in the case of Clement, the younger brother, in character unjust, passionate, headstrong, and unfeeling, that in his fury, in disappointed self-conceit, and self-will, long crossed in love, he might rush headlong like a fool into the monk's habit, as he did; and we believe that he should feel bitter disappointment and remorse, and even (though rather an exaggeration), that he should escape and become a bandit; but that Reginald, the obstinate, the "servile," the severe, the bigoted, should become the *consistent* Protestant, not from conviction, but in retaliation is too bad; fifty pages were too much for such a subject. We expect better things from Julia Waddington; and with sincere wishes that we shall see them, we, in all kindness, say farewell for the present.

#### MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

AN INQUIRY INTO THE MORBID EFFECTS OF DEFICIENCY OF FOOD, chiefly with Reference to their Occurrence amongst the Destitute Poor; also Practical Observations on the Treatment of such Cases. By Richard Baron Howard, M.D. London: Simpkin and Co. 1839.

The author of this well-written *brochure* is physician to the Ardwick and Ancoats Dispensary, and was formerly resident medical officer at the poor-house, Manchester, and his Essay is the result of observations made during an extensive practice amongst the poor, while the writer was occupied with the poor of the Royal Infirmary. The details given by him of the distress that prevailed during the autumn of 1837, and the succeeding winter, are sufficient to account for the rise of Chartism. Great numbers of the working classes were then unemployed, and notwithstanding the active exercise of private benevolence, and the more laudable public efforts to afford relief to the

sufferers, deficiency of food was very extensively experienced, and several severe and aggravated cases of disease, from this cause, came under the author's notice.

A CLUB FOOT, &c. By G. Krauss, M.D. London. 1839.

This pamphlet is assuredly written to excite in the public mind an interest in behalf of the author, who is endeavouring to establish an Institution for the relief of the poorer classes labouring under deformity. Until it is made clear that the good of the public, and not the *personal interest* of a particular individual is considered, it is necessary to be very cautious in recommending such schemes to the patronage of the public. We know nothing of Dr. Krauss but from the pamphlet now before us. We would say nothing to prevent his receiving that degree of support which he considers necessary in order to carry his designs into execution. If this object be the result of philanthropic feelings we wish him every success, and we have no doubt but it will be effected. British surgeons are paying more attention to the treatment of deformities than they have hitherto done. It is a subject deserving of their serious consideration. This department of practice has been left too much in the hands of quacks, and therefore every attempt to rescue it from the grasp of ignorance and charlatanism ought to be hailed with favour. Dr. Krauss appears to have made the origin of malformations the study of his life. In order to ascertain what was doing in this country on the subject, he visited England in 1837, and we believe he has established himself in practice in the metropolis. The cases which he has recorded are certainly extraordinary. Deformities which have existed from birth he has succeeded in removing by means simple but efficacious in their result. Of the advantage of dividing the *tendo achilles*, for the case of club-foot, we can speak from personal experience. We have often seen the operation performed by Mr. Liston with success. It is done in a second, and is by no means productive of much pain. Dr. Krauss enters into an account of various malformations, and describes the treatment of each particular kind. The pamphlet, which he says is but the *avant-courier* of a more elaborate treatise, contains a number of wood-cuts, illustrating the various species of deformities to which flesh is heir. His observations respecting the treatments we must confess are written with fairness, and will be found well deserving the attention of the gentlemen of that portion of the public who are personally interested in the matter.

In a pamphlet like the present, which is so necessarily crowded with technical terms, it is difficult to select a passage likely to interest general readers. We have alluded to a treatment of club-foot by a division of the *tendo-achilles*. In the following extract the author explains the *modus operandi* of the operation:—

“Deformities of the limbs and neck are generally accompanied by a contraction of certain muscles; and the cure of many of them had hitherto appeared difficult or impracticable, as the contraction could not be removed by mechanical means. It is true, that besides the muscles, the ligaments and other parts are frequently in a contracted state, and set themselves in opposition to the straightening of the deformed parts; but it is evident that the opposition of the ligaments alone is more easily overcome by mechanical extension, than when such means have at the same time to contend against contracted muscles also.

“The tendons (in popular language, sinews or leaders) are the continuation of the muscles, and join the bony parts, which are set in motion by the muscles. To lengthen the tendons is, therefore, practically the same thing as lengthening the muscles. This is effected by dividing the tendons, whose elongation is produced by the intervening substance that forms between their divided ends.

“The division is so performed, that a narrow knife is inserted on the side of the tendon, which is cut through without wounding its protecting skin. Thus, the division of the tendon is, in the hand of an experienced surgeon, a very simple operation; lasts scarcely a quarter of a minute, and gives but little



pain. The incision of the skin is generally less than a quarter of an inch in length, and only a few drops of blood usually flow from the wound, which heals by the second or third day afterwards.

"When the tendon is divided, the superior end separates itself from the inferior by the contraction of the muscle which belongs to the tendon. The intermediate space between those ends fills up by the process of regeneration, so that in from eight to fourteen days it is evident to the touch that the two ends of the tendon are united. In a short time the intermediate substance becomes thicker and harder, so that frequently in a few months after the operation, it can no longer be distinguished from the tendon itself."

### ELEMENTARY WORKS.

THE COMIC LATIN GRAMMAR, published by Tilt, is replete with wit and humour. We can also recommend the following educational volumes:—

EXERCISES OF LATIN PROSE COMPOSITION, with Hints and Examples for Themes. By the Rev. B. W. Beaston, M.A. Cambridge: London. 1840.

THE ETYMOLOGICAL SPELLING BOOK AND EXPOSITOR, being an Introduction to the Spelling, Pronunciation, and Derivation of the English Language, &c., &c. By Henry Butter. Thirty-seventh edition. London: Simpkin Marshal and Co, 1839.

GRADATIONS IN READING AND SPELLING; upon an entirely new and original plan, by which dissyllables are rendered as easy as monosyllables, &c. Twenty-second edition. London: Whittaker and Co. 1839.

THE FRENCH MASTER FOR THE NURSERY, or Early Lessons in French. By M. Lepage. London: Effingham Wilson. 1839.

THE FRENCH SCHOOL; comprising the Echo de Paris, Gift of Fluency in French Conversation, and the Last Step to French. By M. Lepage. London: Effingham Wilson. 1839.

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### GREEN ROOM.

#### DRURY LANE, THEATRE.

On Monday, the 20th of January, 1840, this theatre began to do serious business. Mr. Macready appeared on its boards in his unrivalled *Macbeth*, ably supported by Mrs. Warner and Mr. Phelps. On the following Wednesday Mr. James Haynes' play of *RIZZIO*, *alias* MARY STUART, was presented for the first time. This author's *Conscience* and *Durrazzo*, had prepossessed us with a favourable opinion of its probable merits. The subject is an exceedingly difficult one, and the poet has found reason to make up for the deficiency of the principal interest by auxilliary motives. Thus, in a manner similar to that in which Schiller has given so much prominence to the *Marquis de Posa*, in *Don Carlos*, Mr. Haynes, in *Mary Stuart*, or rather *Rizzio*, has raised *Ruthven* to more than episodal importance. In this character, with all its defects, Macready was triumphant; Phelps was sufficiently uneasy in *Darnley*, and Elton pert enough in *Rizzio*. Mrs. Warner made a great thing of *Mary Stuart*. We shall revert to this play.

#### HAYMARKET.

This theatre has just concluded its triumphant career triumphantly. It has proved and illustrated the truth of a remark we have often made, "that the best acting will always command the best audience, and that the expensive decorations which the larger theatres indulge in, are for the main part works of supererogation, which often ruin their contrivers without benefiting the public." In this respect the Haymarket has afforded an example, and taught a lesson which cannot be too deeply impressed on theatrical managers.